

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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PENNSYLVANIA.—THE RECENT FOREST FIRES—WOMEN, NEAR ASHLAND, REMOVING FENCES TO ARREST THE PROGRESS OF THE FLAMES.

FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 198.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55, & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, MAY 17, 1884.

THE MORRISON BILL KILLED.

THE enacting clause of the Morrison Tariff Bill has been stricken out in the House of Representatives by a vote of 159 to 155. The Bill deserved the fate that has befallen it. It was conceived in ignorance and born in imbecility. This journal has heretofore pointed out its defects specifically and in detail. As the measure is dead beyond resurrection, it is not needful or becoming to dwell upon its many deficiencies and imperfections. It is enough to know that it left the shocking inequalities of the present tariff as it found them, it removed no abuses or inconsistencies, and simply perpetuated the outrageously unjust discriminations in favor of luxuries.

What shall the Democratic Party do to be saved? is now the vital, practical question. Nothing is clearer than that it should do something. The daily accumulation of surplus money, taken unnecessarily from the pockets of the people, is the daily impeachment of the capacity and statesmanship of the leaders of both parties in Congress. There is a clearly preponderating public sentiment in favor of tariff reform and the present reduction of duties on imports. What sort of reductions should be made? The answer is simplicity itself. The lowering of taxes should be first of all and mainly on the necessities of life and on raw materials. To illustrate: Schedule G, of the existing tariff, taxes the following provisions at these rates: Potatoes, 15 cents per bushel; rice, 2½ cents per pound; mackerel 1 cent per pound; hams, bacon and lard, 2 cents per pound; butter and cheese, 4 cents per pound; Indian corn and corn-meal, 10 cents per bushel, and wheat, 20 cents per bushel. All these and like duties upon the food, the fuel, the clothing and the shelter of the working classes should be removed.

To enable our manufacturers to compete with those of other nations in the markets of the world, they must be allowed to have free raw materials. Raw products are admitted free into England, Germany, and into France. These countries can sell their manufactured goods lower in South America and elsewhere than the United States can sell their manufactures, if they retain the advantage of from ten to forty per cent. on the cost of the raw products which they use. It is as plain as a Wellington nose on a man's face that to remove the existing duties on raw materials would produce the salutary effect of increasing our trade, commerce and exports, and place us on an equal footing with our foreign rivals in the world's great markets.

Any expert, having a practical knowledge of tariffs, could in about three days frame a Bill embodying these two principles. Such an economically sound and wise measure would pass both Houses and become a law in less than six weeks. Such a law, discriminating in favor of necessities and raw manufacturing materials, would be more popular than any tariff Act ever passed by Congress. It would make the fortunes of the political party that had sense and sagacity enough to construct and enact such a salutary measure.

But what the Democratic Party ought to do, and what it will do, are two altogether different things. Mortification over the defeat of their pet measure will cause the majority wing to sulk and do nothing. A number of crude and ill-considered tariff Bills will be introduced, but no proper measure of relief will become a law during the present session. Hence, instead of unwise action, there will simply be no action.

OCEAN DISASTERS.

IT is a reproach to the vaunted ingenuity and humanity of this age that three ocean steamers should sink almost simultaneously upon the sea, carrying with them other vessels which they ran down, and most of the persons who had taken passage on them. It will tend not so much to injure the lines to which the ill-starred steamers belonged as to diminish the general sense of security in ocean travel. Certainly it would seem that some better result might have been attained after all these years of steam travel and innumerable experiments for the promotion of safety and comfort.

A well-known captain on one of the best-known lines, being recently asked about the safety of ocean travel, answered, "It is mainly a matter of luck. The reason why ships make so many passages successfully is that the Atlantic is so big and the vessels that might run down are so far apart. We are liable to strike an iceberg any trip; and if we should, going at fifteen knots an hour, it would probably be the last of us. Through the iceberg region we go at full speed, which, while it increases the danger in case of collision, shortens the time of exposure. In case a ship goes down within half an hour of striking, the chance of saving many passengers is very small, indeed, even in a smooth sea." When the *State of Florida* crashed into the *Pomona*, there was no storm, no wind; the sea was smooth and the stars were shining; yet only six passengers were saved out

of eighty-six! That calamity, certainly, was not a matter of luck; it was due, plainly, to carelessness, recklessness, and the absence of obviously necessary precautions against disaster.

No large steamer that goes to sea carries boats enough for one-half of its passengers in case of collision. Cannot the ingenuity of this country devise some plan by which shipwrecked travelers shall stand some chance of escape from drowning? Boats enough of the present pattern cannot be carried; a steam tender is by no means practicable; the life-saving rafts that have been devised have thus far failed to prove acceptable. A feeling of safety might possibly be engendered if passenger steamers were to run in pairs, keeping in sight of each other all the way, or close in each other's track; but they would necessarily be vessels of rival lines, their speed would be sensibly retarded, and it is not certain that the chance of collision would not be increased. The value of the compartment device is limited, for when a screw steamer is stove in amidships her compartments will rarely save or even help her. Is not the active and potent brain of our generation capable of solving this terrible problem of the deep?

MAY WOMEN PRACTICE LAW?

MIND is a word of the neuter gender. No physiologist has yet been so skillful as to find any indications of sex in that encephalic mass of ganglionic known as the human brain. Woman's hand differs from man's; her face differs from his; so does her foot; so do her limbs; and the merest tyro in medicine can glance at a skeleton stripped of its fleshy mantle these thousand years and confidently say, "This was a woman." But the nervous battery which presides over all, preserves all, directs all—the cumulus cloud of gray matter from which issues that lightning which we call thought—this is sexless and impersonal.

When woman comes to express her thought in writing, speech or action, it often betrays her sex, for she is apt to let feeling dominate reason; to trust to impulse and intuition; to be governed by prejudice and personal preference; to carry bouquets and sentimental billets to malefactors, by whom the attention is sure to be misunderstood. But there are thousands of men who are controlled by the same superficial motives; and the writings of Mrs. Stowe, George Eliot, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Browning, Frances Power Cobbe and Julia Ward Howe, prove that women of trained minds are distinguished for profound logic and correct conclusions.

After a prolonged and vigorous contest for her rights, Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore has been at last admitted to practice in Part 4 of the Court of Common Pleas at Philadelphia. She had suffered repeated rebuffs and adverse decisions in other branches of the same Court; but Judges Thayer and Elcock admitted her, the former delivering the opinion of the Court, in which he called attention to the fact that the only qualifications required by law for an attorney applying for permission to practice are, that the applicant shall be a "person" "of an honest disposition and learned in the law." Discussing the subject generally, he declares that he has no fear that justice will suffer by admitting a woman to practice. Modern jurisprudence is evolved from modern society. It is the authoritative expression of its opinions and practices. "It cannot stand still while society advances. It must follow in its march, adapt itself to its wants and habits, minister to its necessities and reflect its convictions." To administer justice with a flexible hand, following a changing civilization, is one of the purposes for which Courts exist.

The Judge says he does not wish to discuss the general question of woman's rights so far as they are to be effected by legislation, but he adds:

"If there is any such thing as what old-fashioned philosophers and essayists used to call 'the sphere of woman,' it is, it must be admitted, a sphere with an infinite and interminable radius, for she is found in all the pursuits and professions of life, not only working out her own independence, but entering into competition with men for the highest rewards of ambition. It is surprising that any one should speak with apprehension of an impending social change by which women are to seek fortune and fame in fields which were formerly denied them. Such persons should awake from their slumbers. The revolution is over."

With Mrs. Kilgore's victory, the whole field may be regarded as won. Woman's right to earn her living in any reputable calling is virtually secured for all time in this country. It has been decided that there is no sex manifest in the gray convolutions of the brain. As Judge Thayer puts it, "The revolution is over."

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE report that certain zealous champions of Civil Service Reform are on the watch to detect and punish officers in the employ of the United States who may be found taking part as delegates in the Republican National Convention is, of course, only a ridiculous *canard*. There is nothing either in the civil service law or in the rules made for its enforcement to justify any such proceeding. The law is, indeed, very stringent on the subject of political assessments of office-holders, but it contains not a line forbidding them to attend political conventions, or take part in political campaigns. President Hayes, it is true, issued an order forbidding them to do so, but it was never enforced even under his administration, and is now as dead as last year's leaves.

The President and heads of Departments have, of course, power to remove officers who are guilty of any neglect of official duty, whether by attending political conventions or otherwise; but there cannot be much danger that this power will be unreasonably exercised under the present administration. The friends of Civil Service Reform would be the first to disapprove such a measure as calculated to bring their whole scheme into contempt. Office-holders have some rights as citizens which the law does not infringe, and which public opinion respects.

THE ANNUAL EXODUS TO EUROPE.

THE agencies now obedient to the will of man, steam and electricity, the Ariels of progress, more potent than Prospero's wand, bear the wonder-worker from shore to shore with marvelous swiftness, or flash his thoughts in lightning currents around the world in an instant of time. The ocean pathways of travel have now become vast race-courses, and the huge iron Leviathans, puffing and panting in the contest, set winds and waves at defiance in their swift career. With such means of transit now available, it is not surprising that a people admitted to possess an instinctive love of travel should be impelled to do so more than ever before. Yearly the numbers of visitors to Europe have been increasing at such a rate as to render the means suitable for their carriage almost inadequate. Few, probably, of the vast numbers leaving for Europe are true knights of the staff and scallop-shell and imbued with the genuine spirit of travel; and the majority, it is to be feared, have no higher motive than to mix in the fashionable dissipations of London or Paris, or to do a certain number of miles, cities, rivers, ruins, and mountains in a certain number of weeks or months. But, while there may be but little of the sentiment, the taste, or the heartfulness, that are essential to intelligent travel, still "many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased"; and man as he becomes better acquainted with his brother will become imbued with a broader humanity, and leave behind the prejudices which have too long embarrassed his progress.

Already the yearly exodus of Americans for Europe has commenced, and in larger numbers than ever witnessed before so early in the season. All the principal transatlantic steamship lines have made preparations on a scale never previously attempted, and such is the demand for berths that a number of the fast steamers which are to sail in June and July have nearly all their cabins engaged in advance, and applicants for those months are now being turned away. On some of the lines, indeed, first-class passages have been engaged as far in advance as August. There are now fifteen vessels of more than average speed, all built within the last four years, engaged in ocean passenger carriage, and in view of the expeditious trips made by some of them and the competition which has grown up, it may be expected that the records of the present season will surpass, as a whole, those ever yet made.

While the facilities of travel continue to improve, attention is also being turned to the consideration of new and more advantageous ocean routes. Leopold, King of Belgium, it is reported, is projecting a route direct from New York to the fortieth parallel and along that to the Portuguese coast, with the European landing at Lisbon or Cadiz. Navigators and engineers who have given this project some attention approve of it, and aver that it is the best possible route between America and Europe. It will be out of the line of transatlantic travel; storms along the new ocean-path will be of much rarer occurrence, while icebergs but seldom proceed so far south. In addition to the advantages of warmer and more equable weather, it is claimed by the Belgians that the route projected will be 150 to 300 miles shorter than that from New York to Liverpool. In the event of this route being established, it is stated that the Spanish and Portuguese Governments will do all in their power to improve direct railway communication from the port selected to Paris. But, even if established, it is scarcely possible that such a route would become popular. The great distance from Lisbon or Cadiz to Paris will always be considered a serious objection to its adoption as the popular route to Europe; while Portugal itself, the least interesting country in Europe both as to people and scenery (Cintra and the Upper Douro excepted), has but little to offer to the tourist or sightseer. Lisbon, though not now believing in the hereditary sanctity of dirt, is still the filthiest capital in Europe, and if a few reminiscences of Columbus and Vasco de Gama are excepted, the city of the Princes of Braganza presents fewer attractions to the traveler than any other city of its population in Europe.

THE ENGLISH TORIES QUARRELING.

A SENSATION has been caused in England by the retirement of Lord Randolph Churchill from the chairmanship of the Conservative Union Association on account of a quarrel with the Marquis of Salisbury, chairman of the Central Conservative Committee. The ostensible trouble is in itself a small affair, and will be got over with ostensible amicableness. Indeed, one report says it has already been adjusted. But as indicative of the state of affairs underlying it, it is very significant.



Since the death of Lord Beaconsfield, the Conservative Party of England has been in a condition of pulpy disorganization. Its recognized leaders are incapable of leading. Sir Stafford Northcote, in the House of Commons, is an amicable old gentleman, absolutely devoid of backbone, who would be more in his place in the irresponsible Upper House, and who has been dubbed "The Grand Old Woman." The Marquis of Salisbury, Conservative leader among the peers, is more masculine and ambitious, and has a brilliancy of rhetoric acquired as a leader-writer on the *Saturday Review*; but he is morose, lazy, impulsive and likely to be indiscreet. The one really capable man among the prominent Conservatives, Mr. Gibson, ex-Attorney-general, has the damning disqualification of being an Irishman. The Tory peers of England might submit to be led by a Jew, but at a Prime Minister from Ireland they draw the line.

Of late Lord Randolph Churchill, youngest son of the late Duke of Marlborough, a diminutive and dandified young man, with a somewhat "fast" reputation, and representing only one of his father's pocket-boroughs, has begun to come into prominence in the House of Commons. At first he seemed to apply himself merely to having some fun out of Parliament. He formed a "Fourth Party," consisting of three members—himself and two faithful chums, one Mr. Gorst and one Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, to wit—and confined his policy to the game known as "drawing Gladstone"—that is, making Mr. Gladstone lose his temper. But in pursuing this policy Churchill developed an extraordinary degree of parliamentary tact and much power and brilliancy as a speaker. He became a diligent student of the wiles of Mr. Biggar, and modeling himself closely on the Parnellite ideal, he succeeded in scoring against the Government some striking hits which galvanized the limp Conservatives with delight. By degrees the Tory Party, which first looked on him with amusement, began to regard him with admiration and hope. As he advanced in popularity, Lord Randolph took on a more serious mien. He became an active advocate of reform in the Conservative Party and openly aspires to its leadership. This would mean, of course, reforming away the Northcotes and the Salisburys. Hence the present quarrel, with the burning jealousies behind it.

There is no doubt that outside of Parliament the Conservatives of England regard Lord Randolph Churchill with high favor, and would poll him their leader by an immense majority if the choice were left to them. Nothing seems to stand in the way of his being the coming man of English conservatism but his small stature and his rather light reputation. But the first Napoleon was a little man, and Churchill's own great ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough, had a few peccadilloes to get over in the course of his career.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE alleged anarchical drift of the recent municipal elections in Paris has furnished material for much newspaper comment of a sensational character. The number of votes polled was unprecedentedly large, being in excess by 31,000 of the total number polled in the year 1881. The parties which have gained are the revolutionists and the monarchists—the latter, however, so slightly that, as a royalist editor remarks, it would take two hundred years at the present rate of progression to restore the monarchy by peaceful methods. The revolutionists—otherwise known as collectivists, anarchists, autonomists and socialists—have scored an enormous numerical increase, and at the same time shown a political solidity which is a menace to France and to Europe. The Ministerial Party, or opportunists, have shown a conservative complacency, and no backbone; now they have had a decided check. The autonomists ostensibly strive merely for "a democratic organization of the republic," but very close behind them surges the resistless fire-lava of the Commune.

The United States Navy gained a momentary and delightfully exaggerated importance in view of the announcement of the intention of Rear-admiral Baldwin to take the "American squadron" in the Mediterranean Sea to Constantinople, and the reported refusal of the Sublime Porte to permit the vessels—or vessel, for we are not quite sure that there was more than one—to pass the Dardanelles. The fact is that the Treaty of Berlin, signed by the principal European Powers, specifies that the Porte shall permit only specified vessels to pass these straits. Foreign men-of-war of whatever nationality are excluded, although the Sultan has the right to authorize the passage of light vessels under various specified conditions. Perhaps Rear-admiral Baldwin's ship was found to be sufficiently "light"; at any rate, the vessels of the American Navy have not a universal reputation for formidableness, and a late dispatch brings the news that the valiant Admiral has arrived at the Golden Horn, the Porte having granted the necessary firman permitting the entrance of his flagship.

Should the British Government, after a few months of deliberation, yield to the pressure of public opinion and send out a relief expedition to Khartoum, and should that expedition, by good fortune and strenuous exertion, reach the beleaguered capital of the Sudan by October next, it probably would not find General Gordon there. If he is not slain before that time, he will probably be on his way through the Egyptian country, on a path of retreat of his own forcing. To ask, as a last expedient for securing the safety of the lives committed to his charge, assistance through the employment of the slave-dealer, Zebhr Pasha, must have been a bitter humiliation; but when this was refused him, Gordon could but conclude to act according to circumstances. He now announces that he will hold out as long as possible, and, when compelled to retire, will retreat by way of the Equator.

Dynamite continues to furnish its full quota of news from different parts of Europe. In England, an explosion occurred in a factory where the explosive was, as it appears, manufactured, and several persons were blown to atoms. In Berlin, the periodical threat to blow up Bismarck on his next appearance in the Parliament chambers has been newly made. Russia, Germany and

Austria have under discussion common measures looking to the supervision of the production and sale of dangerous explosives.

There is talk of withdrawing the French troops from Tonquin, but Admiral Peyron is strongly opposed to the removal of a single soldier until the requirements of the French Government are completely satisfied. A minor civil strife has broken out near Hanoi, and desperate fighting is reported to have taken place between the Chinese and the Black Flags. The latest Chinese advices state that Li Hung Chang has been invested with full powers for dealing with the whole Anam question, but his pacific policy is provoking some opposition.

THERE was a sad, not to say ominous, coincidence in the fact that on the same day (May 1st) that the *Thetis*, flagship of the Greely Relief Expedition, sailed, Boatswain Jack Cole, of the ice-wrecked *Jeannette*, was buried. Since his return home he has been in a mad-house in Washington, where he died. His mental malady was due to the terrible strain of the retreat from the Lena Delta, and in view of his last days in his native land, the fate of his companions, who laid down and died, was only less pitiable than his own.

A MAN in Canajoharie, N. Y., has perfected a clock that will run six months from a single winding, and promises to make one shortly that will only require to be wound up annually. That is a small matter, for one scarcely can be said to waste time who winds his clock daily. A clock more to be desired, and that would be in universal demand, would be one that would make time run slower, or, possibly, that would be susceptible of complying with the poet's demand—

"Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight."

WALKING-MATCHES, as at present conducted, are an unmitigated public nuisance, ministering as they do to the most vulgar tastes, encouraging idleness and promoting vice. No sober, intelligent citizen could have looked upon the scene lately presented in Madison Square Garden without disgust and pity; disgust in seeing the contestants shambling around the arena with haggard faces and failing legs, and pity for the poor fools who could find nothing better to do than to watch them, and no worthier object for which to throw away their hard earnings. Some day, it is to be hoped, our civilization will reach a point at which it will no longer tolerate such utterly useless and demoralizing exhibitions, which are a contrivance to rob many poor people of their money for the benefit of a few loafers.

PROBABLY no juster, more intelligent or impartial estimate of the Mexico of to-day, than that of Mr. Charles A. Dana in the *Sun*, as to her wealth-producing abilities and political status, has ever appeared in any American newspaper. In his comprehensive résumé of "a brief yet industrious" trip through our sister republic, the veteran editor says: "It is not an agricultural country; it is a mining country, with a little agriculture thrown in." The suggestion of annexation he considers purely fanciful. "If the country were rich," he says—"if it were capable of being settled by a dense agricultural population, the case might be otherwise; but as it now stands, there is nothing that can make it an object for American politicians to add Mexico, or any part of it, to the United States." And all sensible people, unbiased by selfish personal interests, will heartily agree with Mr. Dana.

THE latest thing in portraits and, presumably, the most indestructible and enduring, are those painted on marble slabs and afterwards chemically treated and baked in such a way as to force the likeness into and through the solid stone itself. A portrait of a prominent New Yorker, done in this way and recently arrived from London, is valued at \$2,500. It is on a slab of marble one inch thick, and 24 x 30 inches in size. Its surface is smooth as glass, and of it the owner said: "You may grind on it all day with pumice stone and you cannot hurt it. So long as even a shaving is left the portrait remains unharmed. Split it up with a saw and every slice is two portraits." While this certainly seems an admirable manner in which to preserve the likenesses of one's friends and of public men, to hand down intact for the edification, instruction or amusement of future generations, it also suggests painful contingencies and alarming possibilities. To make indelible much of the so-called portrait-painting of our day would be an insult to posterity.

THE American Medical Association, at its annual meeting in Washington last week, adopted a resolution earnestly appealing to all American colleges to elevate the standard of education, "at least so far as to require a preliminary course, a three years' course, a register of attendance, and a practical knowledge of diagnosis." In urging the resolution, the mover said that for years past persons had been able to graduate at many of the leading colleges without ever having so much as felt a man's pulse; and he added, with emphasis, that the turning loose annually of thousands of men thoroughly unprepared to take charge of cases involving life or death was an outrage upon the community, and ruinous to the profession itself. There can be no doubt that a good deal of disgrace has been brought upon the medical profession by the loose methods of so-called medical colleges; and it is to be hoped that this timely and emphatic rebuke administered by the National Association may not be without its influence in correcting the growing evil.

Is there not potency enough in the law, and honesty enough in courts and juries, to put a stop to the insufferable insolence of the liquor traffic? Not a day passes that we do not read of some fresh defiance of the law by those engaged in the pernicious trade. In Nyack, N. Y., where licenses have been refused to the saloon-keepers, a fund has been raised for the purpose of fighting the law in the interest of illicit dealers; in Illinois, Ohio and elsewhere, hundreds, if not thousands, of liquor-sellers are carrying on their business in flat contravention of the statutes and ordinances enacted for its suppression; and in many localities the law-and-order portion of the community seem to be utterly impotent in presence of the lawless combinations which menace their security. Surely, it is high time that this condition of things should come to an end. It is monstrous that a traffic which, at its best, tends to immorality and vice, and exists only by popular sufferance, should be permitted to ride roughshod over the most sacred interests of society and heap contempt upon every law, human and divine, instituted for its regulation.

THE luxury of modern railroad travel in the United States astonishes foreign tourists. It would astonish many Americans, could they have experience of it. Rich men, particularly rich railroad men, take their elegant homes with them when they travel. Plate-glass windows, velvet carpets, embossed furniture, mahogany finishings, inlaid panels of rare and costly woods, and

wheels cast in Germany by Krupp, together with sleeping apartments, kitchen and servants' quarters, make the private car of to-day a veritable traveling palace. Seventy-five thousand dollars have been expended on one of these specimens of luxurious rolling-stock. Patti and Gerster and Mrs. Langtry have private cars more magnificent than Queen Victoria rides in. When Commodore Vanderbilt was alive, he owned a car that was thought royal in its splendor. To-day anybody who chooses to pay extra fare may ride in that car, or one like it. There are parlor-cars, buffet-cars, drawing-room cars, sleeping-cars, directors'-cars and hunting-cars, all models of elegance and convenience, traversing the whole breadth of the continent, and at the service of whoever can afford to pay for them. There are in the country, exclusive of the Pullman Company's cars, more than a hundred private cars, representing at a moderate estimate \$2,500,000 cash. Verily, riches have taken unto themselves wheels, instead of wings.

A SOMEWHAT startling scheme has received the sanction of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. It proposes the appointment of a commission of three persons for the purpose of ascertaining and reporting upon the feasibility of establishing railway communication between this country and Central and South America, said commission to serve for two years and to personally visit and inspect the route along which such a railway would run. A report made in connection with the presentation of the Bill to the committee insists that the proposed enterprise could be very easily carried out, maintaining that a railway from some point in Texas or elsewhere in this country where a connection is formed with the railroad system of the United States to the City of Mexico, and thence through the Republic of Mexico and Central America and along the Isthmus of Darien, passing east of the Andes, through South America to the Argentine Republic, would meet with but a few natural obstacles in the way of its construction, while the distance will not exceed 6,800 miles. This may be shortened to 6,000 miles by commencing its construction at the City of Mexico, where it will connect with roads already built and in process of construction. At first glance, the proposed scheme certainly seems chimerical, but upon reflection it will be conceded that the conclusions of the committee are entirely reasonable. The obstacles impeding the construction of our first transcontinental line of railway were nearly, if not quite, as great as any that would be encountered in building a railroad to the Argentine Republic. Of course, the first thing to ascertain is whether the Governments affected would extend their protection to the enterprise if once undertaken, and in the event of the creation of the commission, this will be the primary duty with which it will be charged.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

THERE were 132 business failures reported in the United States during last week.

THE *Alert*, of the Greely Relief Expedition, sailed from New York on the 10th instant.

THE House of Representatives has refused to concur in the Senate amendments to the Fitz-John Porter Bill.

CHARLES FORD, brother of "Bob" Ford, the slayer of the notorious Jesse James, has committed suicide in Richmond, Mo.

THE receipts of the recent six days' pedestrian match in New York city were \$36,446, of which the winner, Fitzgerald, received \$9,468.

THE Kentucky Democratic State Convention, held last week, adopted resolutions urging the nomination of Speaker Carlisle as the Democratic candidate for President.

THE election law passed by the last Democratic Legislature in Virginia has been declared unconstitutional, and the machinery goes back into the hands of the Readjusters.

THE steamer *City of Portland* was wrecked on the Grindstone ledge of rocks, near Rockland, Me., on the morning of the 8th instant. All the passengers and crew were saved.

REPRESENTATIVE HEWITT will introduce in the House a Bill to amend and simplify the present tariff. He has not yet decided whether he will introduce provisions for a reduction.

AN analysis of the vote on the Morrison Tariff Bill shows that four Republicans, all from Minnesota, voted against the killing of the Bill, and that forty-one Democrats voted in favor of its rejection.

THE New York Legislature will adjourn May 16th. The Assembly has rejected the Woman Suffrage Bill by a vote of 57 yeas to 62 nays. The Senate has rejected the Bill to make the Brooklyn Bridge free to foot-passengers.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Bill appropriating \$1,000,000 in aid of the New Orleans Industrial Exposition. The Senate has passed the Shipping Bill, which, as amended, practically appropriates subsidies for mail steamship lines, and reduces the fees of shipping commissioners one-half.

BUSINESS circles in New York were startled last week by the suspension of the Marine Bank, followed by that of the firm of Grant & Ward, of which ex-President Grant is a member. It is believed that the liabilities of the firm exceed \$8,000,000. General Grant and his sons have made assignments, and apparently they have lost everything they had. The methods of Ward, the active member of the firm, are generally denounced.

THE annual meeting of the American Medical Association was held at Washington, last week, over 1,200 members being present. A reception given to the association by President Arthur on the evening of the 6th instant was attended by some 3,000 persons. H. F. Campbell, of Georgia, was elected president for the ensuing year. Among the resolutions adopted was one protesting against the restriction of vivisection, or experiments on animals.

##### FOREIGN.

ANOTHER uprising of the natives of South Africa is reported.

THE International Health Exhibition opened in London on the 8th instant.

OUT of 180 Senators elected in Spain 150 are supporters of the Government.

It is reported that Captain General Castillo, of Cuba, has tendered his resignation.

THE conference on the Egyptian question will meet in London the first week in June.

THE Austrian Socialists have issued a manifesto in which they declare that an economic crisis is at hand, and that a stop must be put to emigration to America.

ANOTHER royal engagement is announced between the Princess Victoria, second daughter of the Crown Prince Frederick William, and Alexander I., Prince of Bulgaria.

IN discussing the anti-Socialist law in the Reichstag, last week, Prince Bismarck promised to give the workman work through social reforms, and support if unable to work.

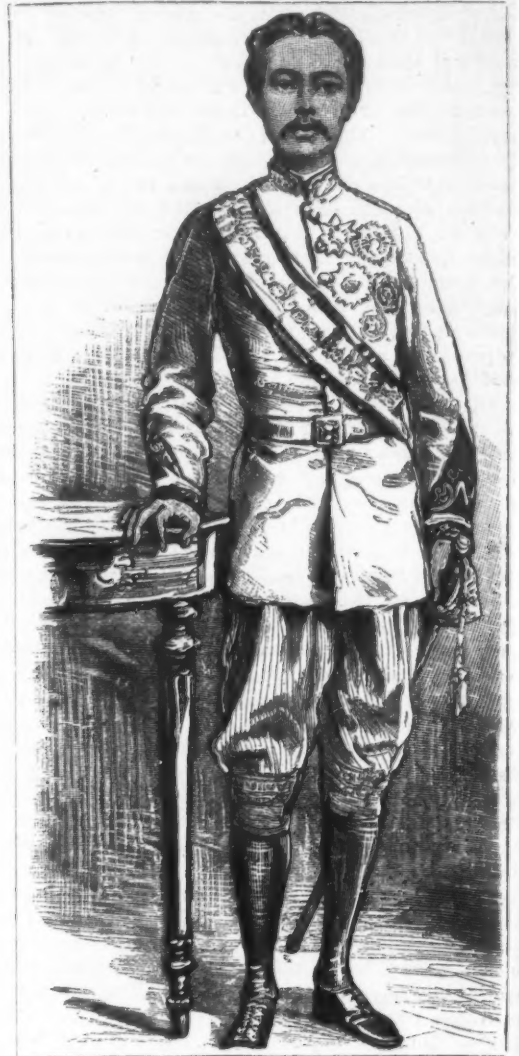
THE revenue returns of France for the month of April show a decrease of 6,500,000 francs below the estimate. In view of constant deficits the several Budget committees have under consideration propositions for selling the state railways.



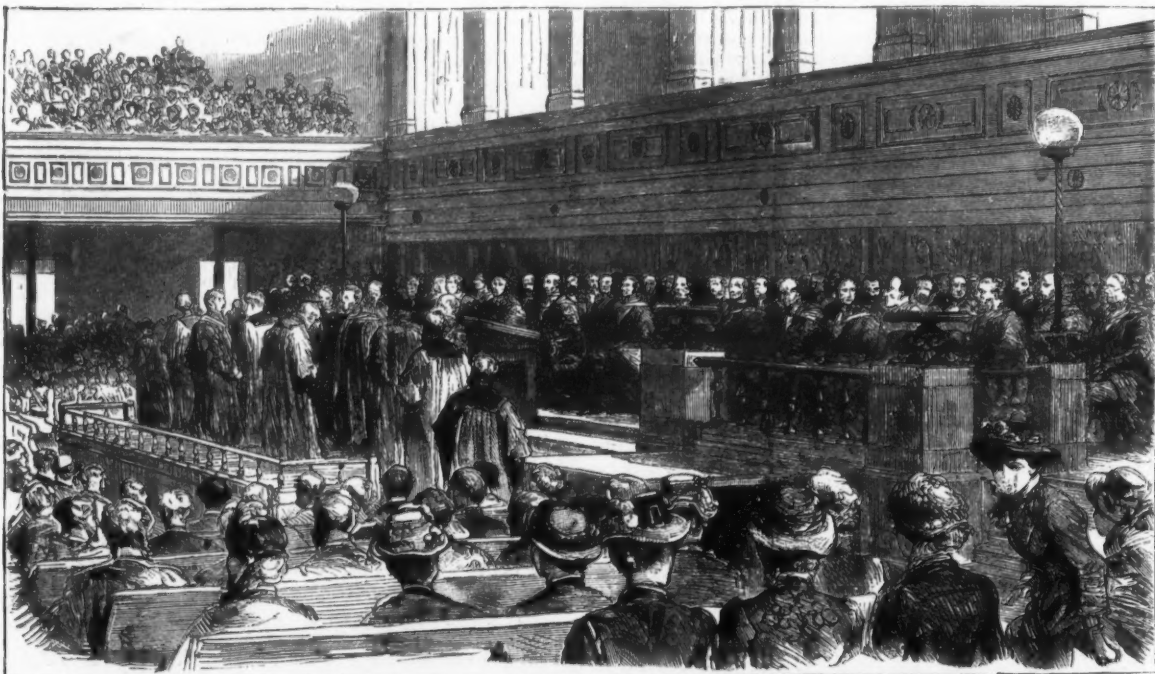
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 199.



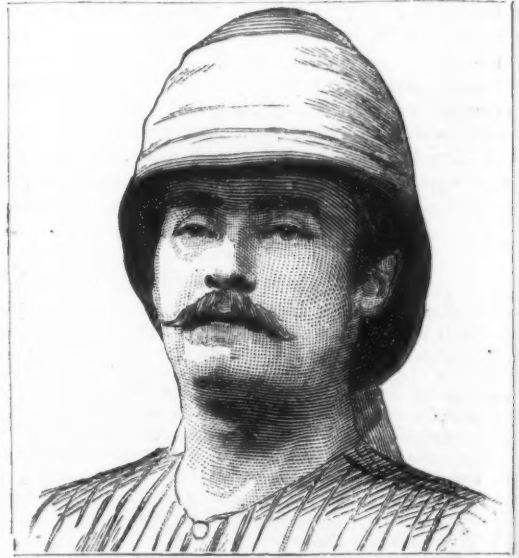
SIAM.—THE WIFE AND SISTER OF KING CHULALONKORN.  
SEE PAGE 205.



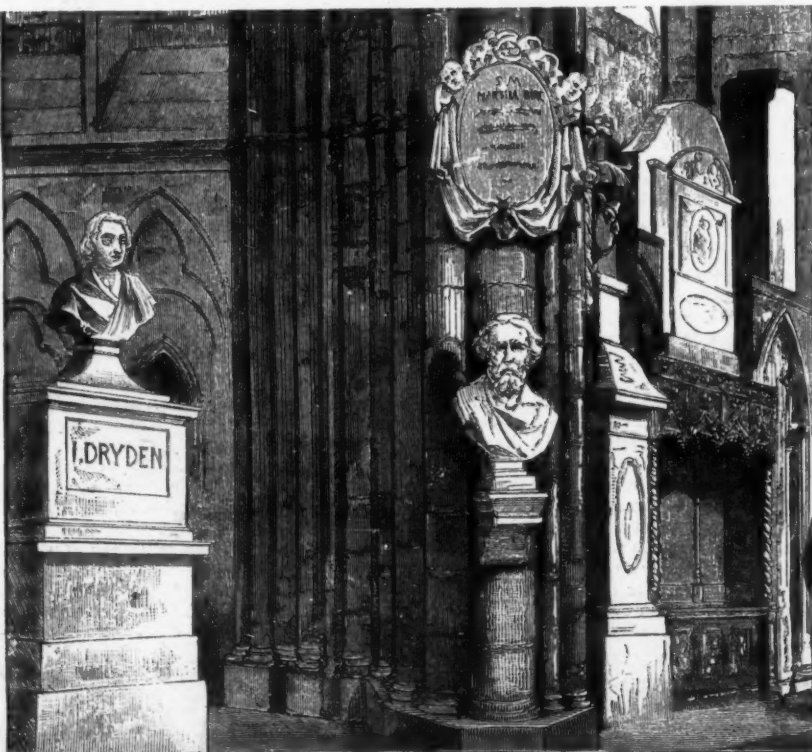
SIAM.—KING CHULALONKORN THE FIRST.



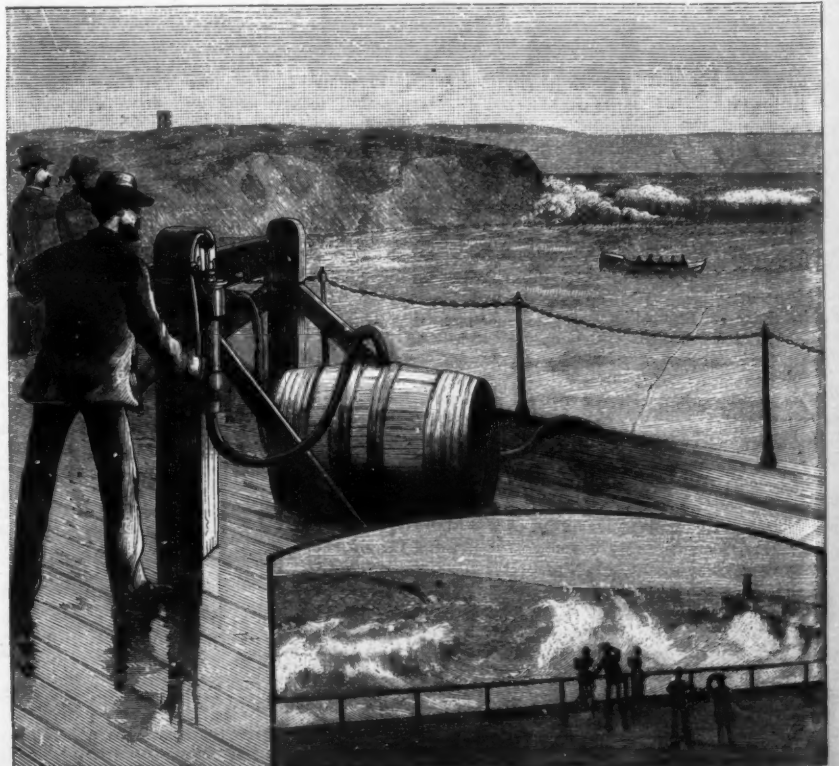
GREAT BRITAIN.—THE TERCENTENARY OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.—CONFERRING THE HONORARY DEGREES.



CAPT. C. BRACONNIER, ONE OF STANLEY'S OFFICERS  
IN AFRICA.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE MEMORIAL BUST OF LONGFELLOW, RECENTLY PLACED  
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



GREAT BRITAIN.—PUMPING OIL UPON THE SEA IN FOLKESTONE HARBOR.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE FORMAL OPENING OF THE NEW PRODUCE EXCHANGE, MAY 6TH.—MAYOR EDSON PRESENTING THE BUILDING TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE EXCHANGE.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 199.



DOROTHY FORSTER.—"MY UNHAPPY BROTHER SAT WITH HANGING HEAD, HIS HANDS TIED BEHIND HIM."—SEE PAGE 202.



## THE SIGN.

"WHEN you are dead, my darling,  
When over you has grown  
The grass to hide your face away  
Beneath a grave's white stone—  
When, where your dear feet often trod  
You may not tread again,  
And you are in the world of God  
And I the world of men:  
Oh, then if by your grave, dear,  
I speak some loving word,  
I pray you, give some sign to me  
To tell me that you heard."

"Dear, if you kneel beside me  
And whisper, thro' the mold  
Above me, any tender words  
I loved to hear of old—  
If in the grasses growing  
Above my place of rest  
Some little flower should blossom,  
Some flower you loved the best,  
The while you kneel beside me  
And speak your loving word,  
Oh, you will see it, darling,  
And you will know I heard!"

EVEN E. REXFORD.

## THE RESULT OF AN EXPERIMENT.

"YES," said little Voss, in a meditative tone, as he perched himself comfortably on the railing of the long veranda of the Mountain Park Hotel—"yes, I call myself a pretty good judge of character. I've made a study of the human face, and can read it like a book—generally. I thoroughly enjoy such a place as this, and shall probably analyze the features of every person here before my month is up. See that girl over there—the one you were so devoted to last night, I mean? I spent nearly the whole morning yesterday studying her. Her chief characteristic is jealousy."

"Nonsense!" said Sydney Cowan, a little impatiently. "She hasn't given the first indication of such a thing. She is one of those calm, lovely women who are above petty feeling of any sort. You're wrong this time, Voss."

"No, I'm not," returned Voss. "She's jealous—as the man who marries her will find out to his cost. I shouldn't care to see any friend of mine lead her to the altar. Who is she?"

"A Miss Nelson," answered Sydney Cowan. "That fat old lady in the easy-chair is her mother. They are very well off, I believe; and Miss Lillian is very accomplished."

"And you won't believe she is jealous?"

"No, I can't believe it. I've known her intimately for two weeks now, and have never seen even the faintest symptom of jealousy."

"Perhaps not. She hasn't had cause to show it, probably. I can prove to you, though, that I'm right, if you are willing to help me."

"What must I do?" asked Cowan.

"You must stop paying attentions to her, and pretend devotion to some one else. Take up that ugly little girl in white, for instance—the one sitting off there by the big tree."

"That ugly little girl in white is Miss Nelson's cousin—a poor relation, I believe, whom they brought here out of charity."

"All the better for our experiment," said Voss. "Devote yourself to her with one-half the ardor you've shown in your attentions to Miss Nelson, and you'll see a case of jealousy of the worst kind."

"You're wrong, Voss; I'm sure of it."

"Try the experiment, then."

"Very well, I will. But I don't flatter myself that Miss Nelson likes me well enough to care one iota where my attentions are bestowed."

"Don't be so humble," said Voss. "You know well enough that you are considered a first-class match. Mothers with marriageable daughters always have a soft place in their hearts for you. It's a wonder you've been able to keep yourself unshackled so long."

"Don't talk nonsense, Voss. Look here, I'm willing to try that experiment just to convince you that you are not so infallible as you imagine; but can't you pick out some one else than Miss Bentley? I haven't addressed more than a dozen words to her since I've been here, and she isn't a bit pretty."

"But she's cousin to Miss Nelson, and therefore the best one we could have under the circumstances," said Voss.

"Very well, so be it; but I predict that I'm going to be awfully bored," and Cowan, with a grimace which made his friend smile, crossed the veranda, and, walking directly past Miss Nelson, made his way to the big tree beneath which Avis Bentley sat reading.

Voss, watching Miss Nelson, saw a look of surprise cross her fair, cold face as Sydney Cowan passed her. The surprise deepened as she saw him pause beside her cousin, address a few words to her, and then throw himself on the grass at her feet. This was something so entirely without precedent that the young beauty was at a loss to understand it. She was not alarmed, however. Avis in the light of a rival was not to be considered a moment.

Meanwhile, Avis had been thrown into a state of the greatest amazement by the sudden appearance at her side of the elegant Mr. Cowan, whom she had long admired at a distance, and whom she considered as her cousin's personal property. She was so much confused that she returned the most random answers to the questions he asked her about the book she held; but soon the pleasure of finding some one who had the same tastes in literature as herself made her forget her embarrassment, and she smiled and talked as gayly as ever her cousin had done.

"She's intelligent, at least," thought Cowan, and he did not find the morning as dull as he had anticipated. Indeed, he could scarcely believe when the first bell rang for dinner that it was so late; and he proposed to Avis that they should take

a walk that afternoon without feeling that the arrangement involved any personal sacrifice.

"How did you get along?" asked Voss, coming into his friend's room just as the second bell was ringing.

"Capitally," answered Cowan. "She is decidedly interesting, and her eyes are first-rate—black as coals, and full of sympathy. She knows how to talk, too."

"I enjoyed myself very much in watching Miss Nelson," said Voss. "I saw first surprise, then chagrin; the next stage is mortification, then comes jealous rage."

"And now comes dinner," said Cowan, laughing, as he took his friend by the arm and led him from the room.

Avis was not in the dining-room when Voss and Cowan entered it. She was up-stairs in her little room still, her trembling fingers adjusting a piece of lace about her slender neck. Never before had she been in such a flutter of surprise and pleasure. It was no wonder her fingers seemed all thumbs; no wonder her pale cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright. She had been at the Mountain Park Hotel for two weeks, and during that time she had not made a single pleasant acquaintance. There were nearly two hundred guests, but not one of them apparently had seen anything attractive in poor little Avis. She had not been included in the various walking and riding parties; she had been neglected on the veranda, and she had heard unpleasant remarks about the pancy of her wardrobe. More than all, she had been a wallflower in the ballroom. How she had envied Lillian the attention that young beauty received! How she wished that she, too, might go circling round and round to the music of the band! And how often she had left the ballroom and run up to her own room on the fourth floor, and there gazed at her ugly little face in the glass until she fairly cried because of the impossibility of ever becoming even one-tenth as lovely as Lillian!

Perhaps some of the neglect Avis felt so keenly was due to the evident disfavor in which she was held by her cousin, who took care to let every one know that Avis's stay at the Mountain House was due entirely to "one of mamma's generous freaks," and she was always particular to tell every newcomer that she "considered that mamma had made a mistake in bringing poor Avis into society for which she was so totally unfitted."

These people had conceived the idea that the little schoolteacher was not worth cultivating, and as she was too shy and proud to make any advances towards friendship, she had been thrown entirely on her own resources for amusement. She had often felt very dull and very lonely, and had more than once wished herself back in her little third-story room in the second-rate boarding house. There, at least, she did not feel so utterly alone.

But now a change had taken place. Sydney Cowan, the most popular man at the hotel, had sought her out, and had seemed to take an interest in her conversation and to like her society. It seemed strange, but it was none the less true, and Avis was consequently happy and excited.

"Of course I know it won't last," she thought, as she at length succeeded in arranging the lace to her satisfaction, and ran down to the dining-room; "but I mean to enjoy it while it does."

She enjoyed it thoroughly, and was like a new creature under the influence of a little happiness and excitement. The afternoon walk was followed by an evening drive behind Sydney Cowan's fleet black horses; and then came dancing in the great ballroom. She was no longer a wallflower. Sydney Cowan not only danced with her half a dozen times himself, but he also took pains to introduce some of his gentlemen friends to her, and she was soon voted the lightest dancer at the hotel.

Lillian could not understand her cousin's sudden accession to bellehip; but still less could she understand Sydney Cowan's desertion of herself. She had thought her chances of becoming Mrs. Cowan were very good, indeed, and she had been in no wise loath to assume that title. This was her fourth season, and she knew that people were beginning to say that it was strange she did not marry. And she had a great respect for Mrs. Grundy. She had decided that it would not do to give that venerable dame a chance to sneer at her. So she had accepted Sydney Cowan's attentions very readily, and had spent hours in planning the details of the grand wedding she was to have, and had felt sure of being an object of envy to all her feminine friends. It angered and mortified her to see her air-castle in a fair way to fall to the ground, and to know that the hand which had shaken its foundation belonged to her insignificant cousin. She thought she could have borne it better had her rival been any one else than Avis.

"Your bringing Avis here was a great mistake," she said to her mother, one day. "I never approved of the plan, as you know."

"Why, my dear, the poor child seems to be enjoying herself," said Mrs. Nelson, who never saw what was not put directly before her. "She told me only yesterday that she couldn't thank me enough for bringing her; and she has improved wonderfully in the past week. She was so pale and weak when we first came!"

Lillian was silent. She did not care to let her mother know of those broken dreams. Yes, Avis was wonderfully improved. Whenever she looked in the mirror, now, she laughed with pleasure to see how round her cheeks were growing, and how bright was the color that flushed them!

"I shall have a splendid stock of strength with which to begin teaching in September," she said to her aunt, one day.

And then a sigh escaped her lips. She wondered if this brief season of pleasure would unfit her for the stern duties and the hard toil which awaited her in the Autumn.

"Did you ever notice how much Mr. Voss stares at you?" asked her aunt.

"Yes, I've noticed it," said Avis. "He seems to be studying me."

"Perhaps you think that he, too, is struck with your charms," said Lillian, in a sarcastic tone. "It may be very fortunate for his peace of mind that you are to go away so soon."

"What is that about going away?" asked Sydney Cowan, who had strolled up to the little group just in time to hear Lillian's last words.

"Mother is talking about leaving on Saturday," said Lillian. "We have been here six weeks, and if we stay much longer will not have time for our annual trip to the Catskills."

"There you will see grand scenery, Miss Bentley," said Sydney. "You will be in a state of perpetual ecstasy."

"I am not going," said Avis; and there were tears in the dark eyes ready to meet his gaze. "My holiday will be over when we leave here."

The tremulous voice, and the sight of the tear-filled eyes, moved Sydney Cowan's heart strangely. Had it not been for the presence of Lillian he would have been tempted to say something very tender. Every day had unfolded new charms in Avis to him; and he had learned to like her so well and to enjoy her companionship so much that the idea of returning to his allegiance to the beautiful Lillian never entered his mind. He no longer thought Avis, homely; he had learned to see the soul which shone from her dark eyes; he had learned the worth of her affectionate, generous heart.

"Do you feel inclined for a stroll this morning, Mr. Cowan?" asked Lillian, who had made up her mind to make the most of the few days remaining to her, and to endeavor to regain her lost footing in his regard; "I have not been out walking for a week, at least."

"Let us go, then," said Sydney. "You will come, too, Miss Bentley?"

"I think not," said Avis, knowing that her cousin had no desire that she should make a third in the proposed ramble. "I have some reading I want to do this morning."

"I am sure the walk would do you good," urged Sydney; but as she still shook her head, he went off with Lillian.

Avis watched them until they disappeared around the side of the mountain, and then ran off to a little arbor about a quarter of a mile distant, where she knew from experience that she would not be likely to be disturbed.

The arbor was well covered with vines, and was cool and secluded. Avis made herself a comfortable seat with a shawl, and was soon deep in her book.

An hour passed, and then she was disturbed by the sound of approaching footsteps, and the loud voice of a very lively widow, whose first words arrested the attention of Avis so completely that she listened in spite of herself.

"Last year there were six engagements made here, I am told; and this year there has not been one," laughing stridently. "But I hope, for the credit of the place, that Mr. Cowan will propose to that little Miss Bentley before she goes away. He has been devoted enough to mean matrimony, Heaven knows."

"Yes; but as I happen to know he don't mean anything of the kind," and Avis recognized the slow drawl of little Voss. "I'll tell you a secret—I know I can trust you with it. You see, I call myself a pretty fair judge of character, and I told Cowan when I first came that Miss Nelson, to whom he was devoting himself then, was of a fearfully jealous disposition. He wouldn't believe it, and I said I'd prove it to him if he would consent to neglect her a while, and turn his attention to some one else. He agreed to try the experiment, and I selected Miss Bentley as the one to whom he was to pretend adoration. That is all there is to that."

"I thought it singular, to say the least, that a man like Sydney Cowan should take a fancy to a girl like Miss Bentley," said the widow. "She is so decidedly plain, and—"

The voices died away, and Avis heard no more. But she had heard enough to make her more wretched than she had ever been before. For some time she sat staring before her as if paralyzed; then suddenly she threw herself on the floor of the arbor, and, burying her face in the shawl, burst into a perfect passion of sobs and tears.

"I wish I had not come here; I wish I had never seen him," she moaned, when at last she grew a little calmer.

"Why do you wish that, Avis?" asked a voice close beside her, and, springing to her feet, she confronted Sydney Cowan, who had come to the arbor in search of her, knowing well what a favorite resort of hers it was.

"Do not speak to me," she said. "Let me pass, Mr. Cowan," as he barred her way with his tall figure. "I—I hate you!"

Startled and amazed, Sydney Cowan stood aside, and let her leave the arbor without uttering a word in reply. Then he threw himself upon one of the rustic seats, and tried to imagine to what her sudden anger and aversion had been due. But he could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion, and went into the house when the first gong sounded, determined to ask for an explanation from Avis at the first opportunity.

As he was passing through the upper hall he heard Lillian Nelson's voice proceeding from a room close by, the door of which was slightly ajar.

"For heaven's sake, let her go, mother. She's determined upon it, and is certainly old enough to take the journey alone. For my part, I'll be glad enough to get rid of her; and if you ever saddle yourself again with any poor relations—"

Sydney passed on, and the remainder of the sentence was lost to him. But he felt sure that Lillian had been speaking of Avis. And he was equally sure that Avis was about to leave Mountain Park at once. He resolved that she should not go

until she had made some explanation to him of the singular scene in the arbor.

When he entered his room, he found Voss there reading a newspaper. A sudden thought occurred to Sydney—a thought which made him start and turn pale.

"Voss," he said, "have you ever told any one of that—that experiment we agreed to try?"

"Never mentioned it to a soul till this morning," drawled Voss. "I told Mrs. Mather about it, just to prove to her that you weren't serious in your attentions to little Miss Bentley."

Sydney said something savage under his breath.

"And Mrs. Mather very kindly repeated it to Miss Bentley," he said, aloud. "I wish to heaven you'd kept the matter to yourself, Voss."

"I ought to have known better than to trust a widow," said Voss.

To Sydney's disappointment Avis did not appear at dinner, and he received no reply to the little note he sent to her asking for an interview.

"At least I shall see her at supper," he thought.

But he was mistaken. Mrs. Nelson and her daughter came down to the supper-table unaccompanied by Avis, and when Sydney inquired after her in as indifferent a tone as he could assume, he received the information that she was busy packing her trunk, and had not cared for any supper.

"Is she going away soon?" asked Sydney, and this time his tone was anything but indifferent.

"Yes, by the early train to-morrow morning," answered Mrs. Nelson. "She is anxious to get back to the city, and wasn't willing to wait until Saturday."

Sydney rose abruptly from the table, and went out, turning his steps towards the little arbor. He had not known until now how dear Avis had become to him.

The gray woolen shawl on which she had rained such bitter tears was still on the rustic seat. He picked it up and made a pillow of it for his head.

Then he lay down, and tried to think of the best form of words to use in making his apology should fate be kind enough to afford him an interview with Avis before she left.

The moon rose full and clear, bathing the arbor in a brilliant white light. Sydney could hear the sound of music from the hotel, and knew that the young people had begun to dance. He felt sure his absence would be commented on, and he was about to rise and go in when he heard a light step, and, looking up, saw Avis approaching.

She did not perceive him until she had entered the arbor. Then she started back with a faint cry.

"Avis!" cried Sydney, forgetting all about the set speech he had planned to make. "Oh, Avis; don't go away, let me speak to you a little while!"

"Please let me have my shawl, Mr. Cowan," she said, with trembling lips. "Nothing you can say can have any interest for me."

"You shall hear me," cried Cowan. "I know you have been told about that experiment I agreed on with Voss, and I want to apologize for it."

"I do not care to hear your apology," said Avis, coldly. "Nothing you could say would alter the facts of the case. It was mean, contemptible, cruel!" the tears starting to her eyes.

"It was all that," admitted Sydney, "and yet I want you to forgive me, Avis; for I love you—love you dearly—with all my heart and soul, darling; and if it hadn't been for that miserable experiment—"

And then he caught her in his arms, and she suffered him to draw her to his breast and hold her there, while he told her over and over again how dearly he loved her, and how sorry he was to have wounded her.

"I ought not to forgive you," said happy Avis.

"But you will, darling?"

"Yes, I suppose I will," answered Avis, hesitatingly.

Lillian's congratulations, when she heard of her cousin's engagement, were made with very poor grace. Sydney had very conclusive evidence that little Voss had judged correctly in pronouncing her jealous.

But Mrs. Nelson was delighted with the news. "How fortunate that I brought you with us! You owe your happiness entirely to me, my dear," she said to Avis.

Avis smiled. She thought she owed it quite as much to little Voss's experiment.

## THE FOREST FIRES IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE closing week of April and the first two or three days of the present month were marked by a series of the most extensive and destructive forest fires that have occurred in the Middle States for a number of years. From a score of towns, chiefly among the mountains of northern and eastern Pennsylvania, have come, simultaneously, accounts of the burning of vast tracts of woodland; the destruction of property, and, in some cases, entire villages; the exertions of whole communities in fighting the flames; and the distress of hundreds of people deprived in an hour of food, shelter and employment. Just how, when and where the fires started, none can tell. A spark from a locomotive, the torch of some careless settler clearing a patch of ground, or the embers of some vagrant's campfire, may have been the origin of the fierce and sweeping conflagration. Spread and driven onwards by the winds, the sparks carried destruction far and wide. Fed on dry leaves and timber, the flames gained such headway that nothing but rain could stay their course. Telegraph poles were burned down. Trains ran for miles through dense smoke and blackened woods. Parts of New York and New Jersey, hundreds of miles away, were overshadowed by clouds of smoke which obscured the sky and made the sun and moon look like hot copper.

The most disastrous effects were of course experienced where the track of the fire lay in the direction of houses, mines and villages. A terrible instance of the concentrated fury of the conflagration was the burning of the town of Brinsin, which lay in a narrow valley. A steady gale carried the flames from house to house, and in what seemed but a very few moments the space between the hills was filled with a sea of fire. Mills and lumber yards, offices, stores, and at least 250 other buildings were burned. But few people saved any-



ting, and the scene was agonizing in the extreme. Several sick persons were taken from their houses with great difficulty. Over 100 families were bereft of everything save the clothing they wore.

The lumbering village of California, on Bear Creek, near Wilkesbarre, was almost entirely destroyed, together with a number of mills and a vast quantity of valuable lumber at other points along the creek. The woods in all directions were on fire. In and around Ashland, Pa., a number of farmhouses and fifty square miles of timber forest were burned, and one old man perished in the flames. The damage in this district is estimated at \$112,000. At the Slate Miners' Hospital the Ashland Fire Department and a detachment of Hungarian laborers made a desperate and successful fight against the flames, as is shown in one of our sketches.

In the Blue Mountain region, the spectacle, especially at night, was grand and awful. Berks County, Schuylkill County and Northumberland County suffered incalculable losses in the destruction of woodlands, fences, railroad ties and other property. Shenandoah, Altoona, Reading, Mount Carmel, Emporium, Pen Argyle, Pottsville and Easton were all more or less closely envolved by burning woods, and the inhabitants made an energetic fight for the safety of their possessions. At White Haven five houses were burned. The Pocono Mountains, above Stroudsburg, were on fire, and trains on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Road ran through six or seven miles of smoke and fire. Engineers were half-blinded and passengers suffered from breathing the smoke. All along the valley between Scranton and Carbondale, a distance of sixteen miles, the woods were afire. At Jermyn, a short distance from Carbondale, was situated a branch establishment of the Moosic Powder Company's works. On the afternoon of the 2d instant a storm of sparks was driven against the buildings, and a terrific explosion occurred which shook the whole valley. One man was killed, and several were injured.

At some points the fire crossed the border of the State of New York. The most disastrous conflagration in this State occurred on the 2d instant at Gilman's Station, a little village in Sullivan County, on the line of the Port Jervis and Monticello Railroad. The place was almost entirely blotted out of existence, causing a loss to W. W. Gilman of \$150,000, throwing 150 men out of employment, and rendering homeless and penniless a number of families. Canajoharie, Middletown, Port Jervis, and various points in the Shawangunk Mountains, in New York, and several districts of New Jersey and Maryland, were more or less endangered by these forest fires, which appear almost simultaneously to have gained headway in so many places hundreds of miles apart.

The copious rain which fell on Sunday, the 4th instant, was doubtless blessed by thousands of anxious people. It effectually quenched the flames that for a fortnight had raged with a fury beyond human control.

Our illustrations vividly portray some of the exciting and often sublime scenes that were witnessed in the burning districts. The work of such conflagrations is as swift as it is fearful, and anything more desolate or more suggestive of the "day of wrath without a morrow," than the blackened track of the devouring element, it would be difficult to imagine.

#### OPENING OF THE NEW PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

THE members of the New York Produce Exchange took formal possession, on the 6th instant, of the magnificent structure which will hereafter be the centre of their vast operations. The exercises were throughout eminently appropriate. The members of the Exchange entered the main room of the new building in a body, and altogether some 4,000 persons were present. The proceedings opened with prayer by Rev. Arthur Brooks; after which, Mayor Edson, as Chairman of the Building Committee, formally presented the great structure to the President of the Exchange, Mr. J. H. Herriek. After music, vocal and instrumental, Mr. Herriek made the opening address, giving an interesting history of the rise and progress of the Exchange. Nearly two centuries and a half ago, he said, there stood by Bowling Green a rude, primitive structure, with sides open to the weather, and the roof covered partly with straw thatch and partly with old Dutch tiles. Such a shelter the thrifty Hollander, even of that day, would have felt scarcely afforded adequate protection for his cattle; and yet that shed housed the embryonic market trade of New Amsterdam. In that poor hulk was stirring the germ of mercantile vitality which has grown to such great proportions. "The Marckvelt-Stegie, on the spot where we now stand," said the President, "was the cradle of the giant who to-day makes his power felt all over the civilized world; the noisy barker of the primitive Produce Exchange was his infant prattle; the quaint little market shallops crowding the safe harbor of Broad Street his toys." Further addresses were made by Messrs. C. M. Depew, Algernon S. Sullivan, A. S. Hatch, and others, all of which were warmly applauded. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the guests inspected the building. The night previous to the opening a grand reception was given at the new building, at which some 15,000 persons, representing the fashion and wealth of the city, were present.

#### A MID-OCEAN CATASTROPHE.

THE worst fears felt regarding the State Line steamship *State of Florida*, which left New York for Glasgow on the 12th of April, were confirmed on the evening of the 7th instant, by the arrival at Quebec of the steamship *Titania*, having on board a number of persons saved from the wreck of the ill-fated vessel. It was then learned that on the night of Friday, April 18th, the *Florida* had come into collision with the bark *Pomona* in mid-ocean, or about 1,200 miles off the Irish coast. Both vessels sank immediately. The *Florida* carried down with her 123 out of 165 persons on board, while only three of the bark's crew of fifteen were saved. Two days after the collision, the forty-three survivors of the two ships' companies were picked up by the Norwegian bark *Theresa*. Twenty-four of these survivors were transferred to the bark *Louisa*, and thence to the *Titania*, which brought them to Quebec. On April 23d the steamer *City of Rome* was spoken by a sailing vessel, probably the *Theresa*, which signaled that she had on board the crew of the shipwrecked *State of*. The remainder of the signaled message was lost in the mist, and the great steamship racer went straight on her course. The story of the disaster cannot be complete until the report of this sailing vessel is obtained; but it seems quite certain that the number of lives lost is not less than 135—an appalling count.

The survivors brought to Quebec by the *Titania* are able to give but a confused account of what took place on the night of the collision, but all agree as to the suddenness of the calamity. Those on duty saw the red light of the bark flash upon them for a moment, followed by an instantaneous crash, after which the steamship immediately began to sink, and preparations were made to launch the boats. The bark had sunk soon afterwards. As the passengers, many of them in their night-clothes, rushed upon the deck a scene of indescribable confusion prevailed. The women went into hysterics, while the male passengers were too much astonished to fully comprehend the situation or to take any steps towards saving themselves. Only one woman, the stewardess (Jane Macfarlane, of Glasgow), was saved.

It appears that the broad highway of the ocean is not wide enough to allow vessels to pass without caution, especially in darkness or fog. Only lately the *Nevada* and the *Romano* came into collision at broad noonday, though fortunately without the fatal results which overtook the *Florida* and the *Pomona*.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY TRICENTENARY.

The tricentenary festival of the University of Edinburgh, celebrated last month, was an event of great interest in that literary capital. Four days, from Tuesday to Friday inclusive, were occupied in carrying out the programme. The Right Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote, M. P., as Lord Rector of the University, presided at some of its official meetings, and several other distinguished visitors, amongst whom were Mr. James Russell Lowell, the United States Minister, Mr. Robert Browning, Prof. Max Muller, M. de Lesseps, Prof. Virchow, of Berlin, and other foreign professors, were in attendance. On Thursday, the special centenary day, the proceedings began with conferring honorary degrees upon the principal foreigners and other delegates to the tricentenary commemoration. The ceremony took place in the United Presbyterian Hall. The delegates, who were introduced by Principal Sir A. Grant, were received by the Chancellor. Some of them presented addresses and offered their congratulations to the University. The new buildings recently added to those of the University, have been erected at a cost of more than £130,000, raised by public subscription, aided by a Government grant, for the accommodation of the Medical School. The buildings comprise a hall and class-rooms, chemical laboratories, dissecting-rooms, surgical-rooms and museums. The architectural style of the exterior is early Italian, with a lofty campanile.

##### ONE OF STANLEY'S LIEUTENANTS.

Captain Carlos Bracconier, the second in command of the Upper Congo expedition which has been undertaken by Mr. Stanley, under the auspices of the International African Association, is a Belgian officer of some distinction, and was selected by the King of Belgium from a number of officers who had volunteered for the work. For three years he has been the trusted helper and companion of the great explorer, displaying in positions of great responsibility both the talent of a diplomatist and the firmness of a soldier. At one time, during Stanley's absence, he was in supreme command of the expedition, and so won upon the black tribes that he was able to accomplish results of the highest importance.

##### THE LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The bust of the poet Longfellow, recently unveiled in Westminster Abbey, is placed, as our illustration shows, in the midst of a Valhalla of poets. The tombs of Dryden and Chaucer are within a distance of a few feet on either side. The bust is of white Carrara marble, and is supported on a bracket of Sicilian marble. The name "Longfellow" is chiseled on the pedestal of the bust, and on the bracket is the inscription composed by Dean Bradley: "This bust was placed among the memorials of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet, 1884."

##### OIL UPON TROUBLED WATERS.

The experiment of pouring oil upon troubled waters has been recently made at Folkestone, in England, and with astonishing effect. The question had long been a mooted one, and when a scientist of note asked permission from the authorities of the Southeastern Railway Company to make use of their pier for the purpose of pouring oil upon the troubled waters beating madly over it, the application was granted by the Board with a smile. On a day most favorable for the experiment—that is, when a heavy gale was sweeping across the Channel and clouds of spray feathering the pier—the scientist, accompanied by a select few and furnished with barrels of oil on trucks, proceeded along the pier for about one hundred and fifty yards, when the party came to a halt. With the aid of strong pumps 454 gallons of oil were poured on the seething and troubled waters. The effect was almost instantaneous. Where the oil struck, the waves assumed an oleaginous appearance, and gradually lowering their crests subsided from breakers into billowy rollers, and later on into a quiet heaving. Further experiments were then conducted from a boat whose violent rocking yielded to a gentle rising and falling, the waters all around it being smooth as the oil poured upon them.

##### GORDON'S LINE OF RETREAT.

SOME interesting disclosures are made in the documents concerning the Sudan situation just submitted to the British Parliament. Among these documents is a dispatch to Sir Evelyn Baring from General Gordon, dated Khartoum, April 16th, in which he says: "As far as I understand the situation, you state that there is no intention of sending relief here or to Berber. You refuse me Zebehr Pasha. I consider myself free to act according to circumstances. I shall hold on here as long as I can. If I can suppress the rebellion I shall do so, otherwise I shall retire to the Equator and leave you the indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons of Sennar, Kassala, Berber and Dongola, with the certainty that you will eventually be forced to smash up the Mahdi under great difficulties if you would retain peace in Egypt." The documents include also a telegram from Colonel Stewart, of Gordon's staff, to Sir Evelyn Baring, in which he says he shall follow General Gordon's fortunes instead of attempting to retreat by way of Berber. Vice-Consul Powers at Khartoum also telegraphs: "I shall follow General Gordon to the Equator. It is a less risky route; but should the Arabs possibly reach Berber we would be entirely blockaded on the north, east and west."

Meanwhile, we learn that two thousand refugees have reached Assuan from Korosko, and more are coming. Evacuation is proceeding quietly. It is now proposed that a force of British troops shall start from Assiout for Khartoum about the end of July. A reconnaissance along the banks of the Nile is now being made by Colonel Northley, of the Egyptian army, under protection of several of the Bedouin sheikhs and their tribes, who will maintain communication between Assuan and Dongola.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE steamship *Faraday*, having on board the first instalment of the Commercial Cable Company's double cables, arrived at Dover Bay, N. S., last week. The work of laying the cables is already in progress.

It is related that a Hungarian lady, who is fond of recitation, recently wrote to a leading German newspaper asking whether, in rendering Poe's "Raven," the refrain "Nevermore" should be spoken or "croaked." The good lady was in dead earnest.

A BABY show is being organized by some Parisian medical men for the month of July, to be held in Paris. The honorary presidency of the show will be offered to Victor Hugo, who is an enthusiastic lover of children. The successful babies—that is to say, those who shall appear the fattest and most healthy—are to be decorated with medals, or to receive certificates of merit.

THE hard fact, recently so often brought to the notice of English scientific societies, that 2,000,000 of bodies have been interred during the last twenty-five years within the limits of the London postal circle has very greatly changed the popular view of cremation. Two years ago three of the scientific papers said that cremation was "unnatural" and "against human feeling," but they now think that self-preservation is the first and strongest of laws.

THE French people are about to enjoy, for the first and last time, the opportunity of seeing in one collection all the crown jewels of France. They are to be exhibited in the Louvre, and immediately after the exhibition their long-heralded sale is to begin. A few of them, which possess special historic or intrinsic value, including the Regent diamond and the great ruby, will be retained as national property; presumably, says the *St. James's Gazette*, in case they might be wanted again.

COMMERCIAL travelers, manufacturers' agents, and many other representatives of business firms in the United States continue to crowd into the City of Mexico by the through trains, in the expectation of discovering some openings for trade. "The number of Americans here at present," says the *Mexican Financier*, of the 26th ult., "is larger than was ever known before, at least since the almost forgotten occupation of 1847. The arrival of a daily train from the United States, each train with its contingent of travelers often larger than the number brought by the weekly steamer, tells most visibly upon the floating population. Besides tourists for pleasure and health, the greater proportion of our visitors are men seeking investment and looking into the business opportunities. One, for instance, proposes to establish a large saw and planing mill; another intends establishing a piano factory; another is looking into the coal interest with a view to supplying cheap fuel; still another proposes systematically to utilize the country's production of fibrous plants, and so on."

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MAY 2d.—In New York, Nathaniel Gouverneur Bradford, one of the incorporators of the Manhattan Savings Institution, and formerly a foreman in the old Volunteer Fire Department, aged 79 years. MAY 3d.—In Stamford, Conn., Truman Smith, well known in political circles, and for six years (1849-55) a United States Senator, aged 92 years; in Orange, N. J., Mrs. Dora Stokes Dale, known as the patron of many charitable institutions, aged 34 years; in Jamaica, L. I., John Ewers, a scenic artist of long-established reputation, aged 87 years; in Philadelphia, General William Painter, Vice-President of the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad; in England, Richard Henry Fitzroy Somerset, Lord Raglan, aged 67 years; in Wilkesbarre, Pa., John Mathias Hollenback, a prominent resident of that place, aged 50 years. MAY 4th.—In New York, R. L. Van Wageningen, a well-known newspaper writer, for the past twelve years a reporter on the New York *Sun*, aged 44 years; in Warsaw, N. Y., the Rev. Horace F. Dudley, a leading clergyman of the Congregational Society of New York State, aged 51 years. MAY 5th.—In Paterson, N. J., Isaac Van Wagoner, a prominent lawyer of that city, aged 59 years; in New York, Captain A. T. Douglas, a large railway contractor, of Panama, Central America, aged 53 years. MAY 6th.—In Philadelphia, Pa., Samuel D. Gross, M.D., an eminent physician and scientist, aged 79 years; in New York, Colonel Henry C. Shumway, the oldest veteran officer of the Seventh Regiment, aged 77 years; in Newark, N. J., General N. Norris Halstead, well known throughout New Jersey, aged 65 years; in New York, Captain Aaron Pierce, the oldest of the East River pilots, aged 75 years; in New Orleans, La., Colonel Thomas H. Hunt, Treasurer of the World's Exposition, aged 70 years; in Baltimore, Md., Captain Alonzo F. Snow, commander of the famous Snow's Battery during the late Civil War; in New York, Richard Jessup Morgan, formerly a prominent steamboat and railroad agent; in Boston, Mass., Lemuel Shaw, a prominent lawyer and business man. MAY 7th.—In London, England, Judah P. Benjamin, the distinguished lawyer and ex-member of the Government of the Southern Confederacy, aged 73 years; in Norwich, Conn., John F. Slater, a well-known cotton cloth manufacturer and philanthropist; in New York, Victor Fribourg, formerly a captain in the French army, and a veteran of Waterloo, aged 91 years; in New York, Henry Erben, a well-known organ builder, aged 85 years; in New Rochelle, N. Y., Mrs. R. A. Paterson, for many years Vice-President of the Binghamton College for Ladies, one of the founders of the American Bible College for Young Women, and formerly a notable music-teacher. MAY 8th.—In Bloomington, Ill., the Rev. Solomon Minear, a venerable Methodist minister and physician, aged 88 years; in Paris, France, Michel Stourdza, ex-Prince of Moldavia, aged 89 years. MAY 9th.—In New York, the Rev. Robert L. Pardon, 8. J., Chaplain on Blackwell's Island, aged 45 years; in England, the Rev. Charles Old Goodford, D. D., Provost of Eton College, aged 72 years.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE real and personal property in Buffalo, N. Y., is assessed at \$104,800,190.

THE American Lacrosse Team of college students has gone to England, for a series of international contests.

IN the British House of Commons a Bill providing for marriage with a deceased wife's sister has been carried by a vote of 238 to 12.

WHOLESALE arrests of persons suspected of being Nihilists still continue in Russia. Among those recently arrested are many artillery officers.

THE call of the Russian Government for a loan of \$75,000,000 has been responded to by subscriptions amounting to more than seventeen times that sum.

TWO English railway companies have discharged 2,500 employees and reduced the salaries of their clerks ten per cent. owing to the depression of trade.

TRIAL by jury appears to be going out in England. In one court alone, out of a total of 1,024 cases, no less than 444 are to be heard by a judge alone.

A CONFERENCE of delegates from the various cantons of Switzerland, in session at Berne, is discussing the propriety of suppressing the Salvation Army.

A NEWSPAPER editor has been sent to prison in Madrid for printing an article on tyranny, which the official censor afterward found to be a quotation from Macaulay.

THE Confederate dead at Arlington are now very few in number. North Carolina has removed the bodies or remains of her soldiery, and Mississippi is about to do the same.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Bill to amend the anti-Chinese law so as to secure its efficient operation and prevent altogether the immigration of Chinese "laborers."

A VESSEL recently arrived at St. Johns, N. F., reports having passed an iceberg about three miles in length and seventy feet in height. Around the sides of this huge island of ice were many harbors and creeks.

THERE are at least 280,000 children, whites and blacks, in Louisiana, and, according to the New Orleans *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, there are school accommodations for not more than 75,000 of them.

THE Vatican is preparing another protest against the spoliation of the property of the Propaganda. It will declare that it is impossible to arrive at an *entente cordiale* through Italian judicial decisions, and that the Propaganda must be independent.

A STATUE of William Tyndale, the martyr, who was burned at the stake, at Vilvoorden, in the year 1536, on account of his religious teachings, recently erected in a conspicuous place upon the Thames Embankment in London, was unveiled last week.

THE latest fashionable disease in England is a species of asthma, caused by the smell of a horse. The Duchess of Argyll and a son of the Marquis of Salisbury are among its victims. The fashionable doctor has written that it can only be cured homeopathically by sleeping for a night above a stable, and grinning and bearing the misery without taking any remedy.

THE following records were made by the principal contestants in the recent pedestrian match at Madison Square Garden, New York city: Fitzgerald, 610 miles, in 140h. 34m. 40s.; Bowell, 602 miles, in 140h. 39m. 30s.; Panchot, 566½ miles, in 140h. 26m. 15s.; Noremac, 545½ miles, in 140h. 37m.; Herty, 539½ miles, in 140h. 30m.; Vint, 530 miles, in 140h. 4m. 45s.; Elson, 525½ miles, in 140h. 4m.

THE large steel yacht *Nourmahal*, built at Wilmington, Del., for Mr. William Astor, of New York, was launched on the 3d instant. The *Nourmahal* is the largest yacht ever launched in the United States, and is the largest pleasure craft afloat to-day, being 232 feet long and 30 broad. She will be completed and ready for duty in July. Her first voyage of any considerable length will be a trip up the Mediterranean Sea.

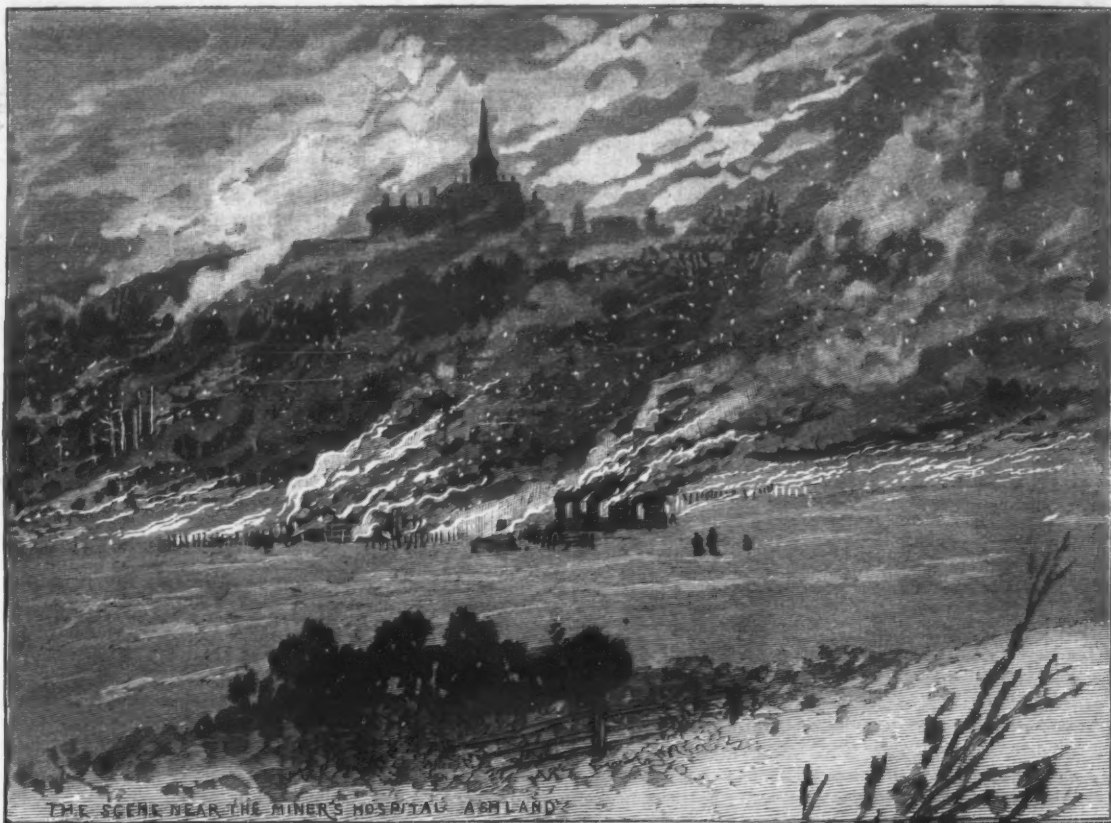
THE *Morning Star*, the newspaper printed at Carlisle, Pa., by the Indian Industrial School, in its last issue says that among other articles of their own manufacture shipped to Indian agencies during the month of April there were seven wagons sent to Rosebud Agency, two for agency use and five for the chiefs of the tribes. There are now 455 pupils at the school—325 boys and 130 girls—of which 114 boys and 30 girls are working on the farm.

THE plans and proposals for the Garfield monument, to be erected at Cleveland, Ohio, have been opened according to the date fixed in the advertisement, and the designs and models are being arranged in a suitable room. After they are arranged, the authorized committee will make an examination and award the prizes. This will occupy some weeks, perhaps months. But until the award is made the public will not be permitted to see the models and designs. A detachment of the regular army still guards the remains of the dead President.

THE German Liberals are meeting with great success in their work of unifying their party throughout the Empire. Recently a national conference of the party was held at Stuttgart for the purpose of arranging a final plan for the conduct of the coming election of members to the Reichstag. Three hundred and forty regular delegates, representing all the Northern section of the Empire, attended. Resolutions were adopted urging the creation of a great National Liberal German Party, to embrace the entire Empire, and having for its object the uniting of the whole German people in the pursuit of patriotic liberalism.

PRINCE BISMARCK has made a formal protest against the ratification of the Anglo-Portuguese Congo treaty. The African International Association has given to Captain Stephens, an Irishman who was expelled from the British army, a commission to enlist 2,000 Houssas for service in the Congo country. Houssas are negroes who inhabit a country just south of the Desert of Sahara and east of the Niger River. They are great agriculturists, are large manufacturers of leather, iron and cotton cloths, have cities containing from 7,000 to 30,000 inhabitants, possess a written language, and are mostly Mohammedans. By introducing them into the Congo country as laborers and agriculturists the African International Association expects to stimulate the development of that region and to incite the natives to habits of industry.

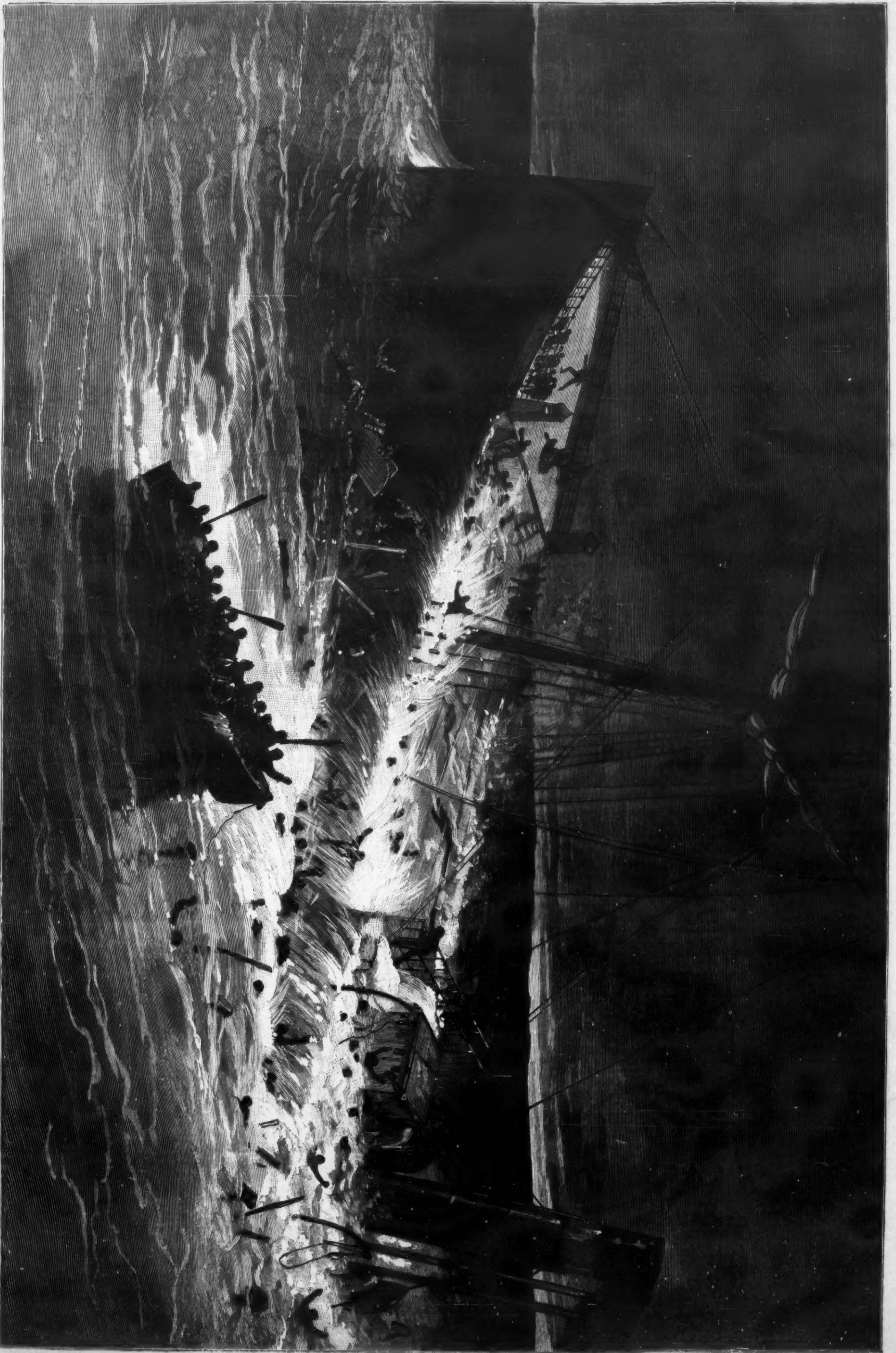




PENNSYLVANIA.—THE RECENT FOREST FIRES—SCENES ALONG THE TRACK OF THE FLAMES.  
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 196.



ANOTHER TERRIBLE CALAMITY.—SINKING OF THE STEAMSHIP "STATE OF FLORIDA," IN MID-OCEAN, ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 18TH.—FROM A SKETCH AND DESCRIPTION BY A SURVIVOR.—SEE PAGE 109.





## DOROTHY FORSTER.

By WALTER BESANT.

AUTHOR OF "IN A GARDEN FAIR," "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES GREEN.

## CHAPTER XXVII.—TO LONDON.

"It is certain," said Mr. Hilyard, "that the lords and the chiefs will be taken to London, there to be tried for high treason. I heard that it was already decided from two king's officers, who came to the shop for a plaster on Monday afternoon."

This made me think that, if one were to help Tom, it must be in London; and I presently resolved that somehow I would get me thither. To be sure, it was a great journey for a woman to undertake, and that in winter. But it must be done. Mr. Hilyard was going to Stene. I would go with him so far; after that by myself, if necessary, or under such charge as Lady Crewe would assign to me, and to such a house as she would recommend to me. On this I quickly resolved, and was determined.

When, however, I told Mr. Hilyard that I was resolved to go, I had the greatest trouble with him. For, first, he maintained stiffly that it would be impossible to take me with him on account of the weather, it being already the middle of November, the days growing short and the roads so heavy that no one could expect the coach or any wagons would run. Moreover, there had already fallen so great a depth of snow as I have never seen since, inasmuch that Hexham Moor was four or five feet deep in it, and in the drifts much deeper. No one, he said, ought to travel in such weather but those who are young, strong, and fear not the cold. I replied that I was both strong and young, and fearless of cold. And at last, after much controversy, he gave way. Perhaps he was influenced by my statement that I had a cousin who might be of great service to Tom. She was Mary Clavering, who made a great match and married Lord Cowper.

"Lord Cowper? Lord Cowper?" cried Mr. Hilyard. "Why, he is Lord Chancellor. If Lady Cowper is your cousin, the business is as good as done. But yet, I know not. She cannot ask for many; and there is Mr. Clavering, of Callalee, a prisoner. Still, there is one friend at court for us. If he only had the money (but perhaps his honor's friends in London will find that) to grease a few palms, I should not despair. Miss Dorothy, if you are brave, and feel strong enough, come to London with me, in the name of God."

Then he began to plan disguises, and, after discussing and rejecting several, begged me to excuse him for a few minutes, and left the room. Presently a step outside and a knock at the door. Wonderful is the power of a mime! It is needless to say that I knew Mr. Hilyard under his disguise, but I also knew, which is much more to the point, for whom he wished to be taken. There is in the village of Bamborough an honest blacksmith named John Purdy, a man of forty, short and square built, who went lame by reason of an accident in his prentice days. He wore a handkerchief tied round his head, and over that a great flapping hat, and in his hand always a stout ash staff. Such as he was, so was Mr. Hilyard, a simple tradesman, honest to look at, and not ashamed of himself, knowing his duty to his betters. Why, Mr. Hilyard looked almost too much of a village blacksmith. He had no occasion to carry a hammer; there was across his face a grimy stain of oil or grease; his hands were rusty with iron stains; his flapping hat was over the red handkerchief; his neck was wrapped in wool.

"Will this do, Miss Dorothy?" he asked, with pride; and as he spoke his face became square, like the face of John Purdy, his mouth set firm, and his nose long and straight. "Will this do? I am now a North-country blacksmith; I am going to Durham to seek for work with my sister, who is a handy girl, knows her place, and is respectful to her betters. At Durham we shall be going to Newcastle, at Newcastle to York, and at York to Durham. It is a truly admirable disguise. I am safe, unless they ask me to make a horseshoe." His spirits, which had been desponding, rallied again at the prospect of riding to London and play-acting all the way.

We set off on our journey the next morning, in a terrible gale of wind and snow, through which nothing could have kept me up but a terror worse than that of a driving wind across a bleak moor. I had with me in my pocket all the money that I could find, amounting in all to no more than twenty-four guineas. I also tied up, in as small a parcel as I could make it, some of my fine things which I might want in London. These Mr. Hilyard made into a pack. He was dressed in a long brown coat of frieze, with long sleeves, which covered his hands as well as gloves, and was, besides, muffled up about the neck and chin, so that certainly no one, with his flapping hat and his limp, would have recognized him. As for me, I was dressed like any plain village girl, with a hood and thick flannel petticoats. We were to ride the same horse (but that a good, stout nag, easily able to carry both), I on a pillion behind Mr. Hilyard; but the way was so bad, and the snow so deep, that I do not think the poor man rode fifty miles out of all the way between Blanchland and London. Often we both walked, one each side the poor creature, who picked his way slowly in the deep snow, and sank sometimes up to the girth.

Every day, and all day long, Sundays included, we continued our journey in such a winter as I hope never to see again. On the road we were in little danger; footpads would not attack a pair of poor country people; no one was likely to recognize either of us; the danger and the inconvenience

were in the evening, when we had to find the rudest lodgings, avoiding the inns, unless we were compelled to go to them; and then Mr. Hilyard would be in terror, lest some one should offer a rudeness to me, whereby he would have to fight and create a disturbance, and be taken before a justice; and I in terror lest he should be carried away by his vanity, and begin to sing and to show his gifts and parts. But neither of these things happened. For myself, as soon as I had a bed, or a part of a bed, given to me (which was always among the maids and servants, as suited my pretended condition), I would go there and sit down, and to bed early, while the rest, men and women together, sat round the fire, my blacksmith being thought a surly fellow, who spoke little, though he was willing to drink with any one who offered.

Once the night fell before we found a resting-house, and we lost our way. There seemed no vestige of a road. The landscape on either hand, for it was a champaign country, lay stretched out white, covered with snow. The clouds had cleared away, and the moon was out; but not a barn, or a farmhouse, or a cottage in which we could seek for so much as a shelter in the straw. We plodded on, the horse lifting his feet with difficulty, and Mr. Hilyard, now in a kind of despair, begging me from time to time not to yawn, and to have a long pin ready.

Suddenly we saw before us a light, or lights. We cautiously advanced. When, presently, we came to the spot, we discovered that the lights came from three or four great covered carts, such as gypsies use. Mr. Hilyard shouted aloud for joy. "We are safe now," he said; "these people are true Romans."

It is truly wonderful to relate that these outcasts, whom the world regards with so much scorn, who have no knowledge at all of religion, duty or morals, who live by pilfering and plundering, who, when caught loitering in a town, are whipped and clapped in the stocks, received us with the greatest kindness as soon as they discovered that Mr. Hilyard could talk to them in their own language.

The women took off my cold and wet stockings and shoes, brought me a pannikin of hot broth made with I know not what meats, but comforting; and then, because I was no longer able to hold up my head, they made me a bed of blankets on the floor of a cart, and so I slept till morning. Mr. Hilyard, I learned afterwards, was not so weary but he could sit up and feast and drink whisky with them, and talk to them in their own tongue, so that they took him for one of themselves, only disguised for sinful purposes of his own.

"I have heard news," said Mr. Hilyard, when we had parted from these humble friends. "These people were, it seems, following the army when, like a mad dog which hath no purpose, we marched up and down the border. They picked up all the things which we threw away or left behind, and now have stored up, against the time when they can find a market, a great quantity of guns and pikes gathered on the ground after each day's camp. Some of them came into Preston with us, but scowered, like me, after the surrender; some staid with the enemy. One of them was sent by Lord Derwentwater to Dilston. The countless instantly put together all the papers she could find, and gave them in charge to one of the cottagers, whom she can trust. Then, with her children, she started for London."

Alas! those tender children.

"Lady Nithsdale," he went on, "is also upon the road. Heavens! it makes one's heart to bleed only to think of the anxious ladies who are toiling along this dreadful road amid these pitiless snows; and of the innocent children who will be robbed of their inheritance—and for what—for what? Will there ever come a time when mankind will cease to bring ruin, death and misery upon their heads for the sake of princes—yes, and of princes who deserve nothing at their hands but contempt and deposition?"

When we reached York, after six days of the greatest hardships that I ever endured, I was fain get to bed, and staid there from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning. Here Mr. Hilyard resolved to put aside the Northumbrian way of speech, and became a Yorkshireman. No one, however, suspected us or asked any questions; nor was any insult offered to me, as Mr. Hilyard feared might happen.

At York Mr. Hilyard cast about for a wagon which might be going to London, but there was none, the weather being so bad that no cart or wagon could take the road. While we were there Mr. Hilyard learned that the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, going up to London on the same errand as ourselves, would not stay for the weather to break and the coach to start, but was riding on with all speed.

We left York the next morning, though the snow was still so deep that not only the stage, but even the post, was stopped. But there was one happiness, that the road grew easier and smoother with every mile that one gets nearer London, and there are many more inns of all kinds, especially of those frequented by cattle-drivers, wagoners, carters, carriers and handcraftsmen going from town to town upon the way; therefore suitable for a blacksmith going to London looking for work, with his sister looking for respectable service. These places were rough, and the food was coarse, like the talk; yet they were safe for us.

Mr. Hilyard was always careful for such comfort and alleviation as he could procure for me, bargaining when we stopped for a good bed for me, and if possible a bed in a room by myself with no other women, because these were sometimes rough and rude; and at York he bought a great soft rug, which he tied upon the saddle in such a way that he could fold it over and wrap my feet, which before had been almost frozen. He carried with him always a bottle of cordial, or strong waters, with which to refresh me (and himself also) when I was faint. As for the fatigue of the journey, that had

to be borne with patience, but the suffering—nay, the torture—he endured for himself without repining, though he relieved it for me. Truth to say, it was a fearful journey; for the sun never once showed his face, nor did the snow cease falling, or the frost cease to continue, or the cold wind of the north to change. Even now I dream of it sometimes—and in my waking moments it seems to have been a dream—and always along that white silent and terrible road, there was present before my eyes the vision of a scaffold and a block, with the glittering steel of the ax, and in my mind the story of that Israelitish woman who spread sackcloth upon the rock, and watched there day and night, so that neither the beasts of the field nor the fowls of the air should touch the hanging corpses of her sons.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—LORD CREWE.

SO, at last, we came to Stene, my lord's place in Northamptonshire. Now, while we drew near to the park gates, and were thinking how best to convey a message to her ladyship, there passed on a gentleman of grave and reverend appearance, in cassock and full wig, whom I judged might be in the bishop's service. So I stopped him, and asked him civilly if he was perchance his lordship's chaplain.

"I am," he replied, in some surprise at the question. "Why, my good girl?"

"Tell him, Mr. Hilyard," I said. "Tell him all."

"Sir," said Mr. Hilyard, "this young lady is not what she seems. She is Miss Dorothy Forster, sister of Mr. Thomas Forster, the younger, who lately commanded the rebel army, and niece of Lady Crewe. We are on our way to London; but first she would have speech, if it may be, with her ladyship."

"What!" cried the clergyman. "Have you not heard? Good heaven! Her ladyship hath been dead these six weeks and more!"

Dead! Lady Crewe was dead! Then was I friendless indeed.

"She died," he went on, "of a fit or convulsion, caused, we are assured, by her anxiety on learning that a warrant was out for the apprehension of her nephew. She never learned the news of his rising, which was kept from her by order of my lord, for fear of greater anxiety. She died on the 16th day of October."

"The stars in their courses fight against us," said Mr. Hilyard, in consternation. "Yet I doubt not that he will receive her niece."

He took us into the park, and so into the hall of the house (a great and stately house it was, though not so fine as that of Bishop's Auckland or the Castle of Durham), and begged me to wait a few moments while he sought his lord.

Lord Crewe was sitting in his library in his high-backed armchair, a book on the table beside him, and a good coal fire burning.

"Come, child," he said, holding out both hands, "come; kiss me for thy dear aunt's sake. Thou hast heard my irreparable loss."

"I have just learned it, my lord, to my infinite sorrow. For, oh, I have lost her to whom I looked for help at this moment, and she is gone; and now I may lose my brother, who is a prisoner, and on his way to London to be tried." And so, weeping and sobbing, I fell at his lordship's knees.

"Ay," he said, laying his hand upon my head. "Weep and cry, child. Youth hath tears; age hath none. Life hath nothing left for me; I have lost all, my dear. Thou art strangely like her when she was young. Stay with me a while, and comfort me by merely looking upon thy face. Nay, I have heard of thy misfortunes. Tom is a prisoner. Fools all—fools all! Yet I warned him; I admonished him. This it is not to listen to the counsel of an old man. What would you do for him?"

"With permission, my lord, we would go to London and try to save him," Mr. Hilyard replied. "And who are you, sir?" he asked. "Oh, I remember now. It is the Terræ Filius. And how, sir, doth so great and powerful a man as you propose to tear these rebels from the grasp of justice?"

"As yet, my lord, we know not; but we hope that a way will be opened. There are, first, the chances in our favor. The court may take a lenient view, seeing that so many are involved; or there is the clemency of the king."

"Pass on to the next chance," said the bishop. "Build not on the clemency of kings."

"Why, my lord, if he is to be tried, there is not much more to be said. But, perhaps, he might not be tried at all. A pardon might be procured by friends in high place."

"In this matter, sir, look not to me for help. I am now old. All my friends, if I have any left, are on the other side."

"Then, my lord, saving your presence, there are juries to be influenced—"

"They will not be so foolish as to try them by a jury."

"There are, my lord, asking your pardon, guards to be corrupted, as has been done in many famous examples."

"Tush—tush—tell me not of these secrets. You will want money, sir, much money. Man, let me look at you full in the face. Your eyes seem honest. In these times, and in such service, the scarcity of honest men is lamentably felt. Yet you seem honest, and you have proved faithful. Suppose, Dorothy, child, I were to find you the money—doth Tom trust this man? To be sure, he would trust any man who offered. It is their easy temper, not their ill-fate, which hath ruined the Forsters."

"We have trusted him, my lord, for fifteen years."

"Look ye, sirrah!" His lordship shook his long and lean forefinger in the face of Mr. Hilyard. "Look ye, if you now betray the trust, the malediction of the Church itself shall follow you to your death. And after," he added, solemnly, "to do these things may require much money."

He must be defended if he is brought to trial; if he never come to trial—How much money have you?"

"We had only twenty-four guineas when we left Blanchland. We spent six on the road. There are eighteen guineas left. It is all our stock."

"Eighteen guineas!" my lord laughed. "It is a goodly stock. Now, sir, I will give you a letter to my agent and factor in London. He will provide you with all you want—understand, all! Do not be afraid to ask. My wife, the most beautiful and the most faithful woman in the world, is dead; alas! I, too, shall follow soon; my days will be few and full of sorrow—I am old—I am eighty-two years of age—my work is done—I have now nothing left but meditation and prayer." He went on in this way so that I thought his mind was wandering with age and trouble; but he did not forget what he designed to say. "Therefore, because she would have wished it, her nephew, who hath proved a fool and a companion of fools, shall not suffer, if I can help it, the just consequences of his folly. Go, then, to this man of business, and let him know who thou art, give him my letter, and, when the time comes, ask boldly for as much as will be wanted—nay, if it cost ten or twenty thousand pounds he will give it thee."

"Oh, my lord!" Mr. Hilyard fairly burst into tears. "This is princely generosity. I hoped for nothing more than a help to maintain my mistress in London. Why, with such help as this, his honor is as good as free already."

He knelt and kissed the bishop's hand.

"Go, fellow," said the bishop, not unmoved. "But remember, lest they say, as was said to Peter, 'Thou also art one of them.' Keep thine own neck out of the halter, if thou wouldst save Tom Forster's. And, as regards the money, waste not; yet spare not. Enough said. And now, Dorothy, if thou wilt stay a while in my poor house, let me have thee clad in habits more suitable than these—"

"I thank you, my lord, for all your kindness; but I cannot rest day or night until I am in London."

So we took our letter, with a full purse of money besides, and, receiving the bishop's blessing, went on our way. My aunt was dead; but her affection for her own family survived in the remembrance of her husband.

I never saw so great a change in any man as was wrought in Mr. Hilyard by the prospect of this money. He capered and leaped, he danced and sang, upon the heavy road.

"Why," he said, "we are made men now? Let us rejoice. With money dungeons are opened, prison bars removed, and captives set free. With money justice may be bought, as well as injustice. With money good may be accomplished as well as evil. Why, the history of the world is the history of bribing."

It was on the 9th day of December that we drew near to London. Now, as we walked along the road, we became aware of a great stir and bustle, many men and women hastening southward, the same way as we were going, as if impelled by desire to see some wonderful show. The road was also covered with wagons, carts and horsemen.

"This," said Mr. Hilyard, with pride, "is what happeneth daily in the great roads which lead to London."

"Yes," I said. "But why do all the people wear favors?"

This he did not know; but he asked one, and presently came back to me with perturbed countenance.

"Miss Dorothy," he whispered, "we are none too soon. This day the prisoners will be marched into London."

It was the very day when the procession of prisoners arrived. We were to see them pass, willy-nilly; for there was no turning back without exciting distrust, and the people were very fierce and angry. Mr. Hilyard even bought a favor for himself and another for me, to avoid suspicion. Thus decorated, we followed with the stream of country people who flocked along the road. They were all going, we learned, to a place called Highgate, where there is a lofty hill from which London may be viewed (they say Whittington, while sitting here upon the grass, heard the bells of Bow calling him back), and they were flocking to see the most wonderful show for many a long year—namely, three hundred English gentlemen led in triumph along the way for the mob to jeer and insult. Truly a magnanimous thing for a victor and a Christian king to command.

If the country people came to Highgate in their smocks, the town people came out in their greasy coats; there were thousands on the hill and on the slopes; where the road sloped downwards through hedges and trees, now white and heavy with snow, we saw the mighty multitude rolling to and fro like waves near the shore, and heard them roaring like the waves that beat upon the rocks. Some standing near us said aloud that the prisoners would never reach the town, but be torn to pieces upon the road.

"Take courage," said Mr. Hilyard. "Look; there is a detachment of guards to convoy them safe, let the mob roar as loud as they please."

Presently I perceived the melancholy procession slowly coming toward us. Alas! alas! Was this the end? Was it for this that my lady dung down her fan, and I with joyful heart applauded and approved the deed? They defiled slowly past us, riding two abreast, and divided into four detachments or companies. The arms of every man were pinioned behind him; his horse was led by a foot soldier carrying a musket with fixed bayonet; each division was preceded by a troop of horse with drawn swords, their drums insulting the unhappy prisoners by beating a triumphal march in derision.

As this miserable procession marched past, the people crowded in on every side, crying out the most frightful imprecations, of which "Papists! Bloody Catholics and murderers!" were the least



injurious. Most of the gentlemen thus insulted rode by proudly with head erect, as if they were in a triumphal procession. Was it possible, I asked myself, that Englishmen could thus come out to insult the fallen?

In the last division rode the English noblemen, and with them my unhappy brother. He sat with hanging head, his hands tied behind him, his cheek pale. "Alas, poor Tom! What were his thoughts?" "He knows not," whispered Mr. Hilyard, "of the letter in my pocket." Beside him rode Mr. Patten, his chaplain. He, for his part, seemed proud of his position; he looked about him cheerfully, and nodded his head to the crowd, which assailed him with the vilest language. "He is a brave man," said Mr. Hilyard. "It repents me that I called him Creeping Bob. I have forgiven him his Oxford business." As for Lord Derwentwater, he sat upright—his eyes bright, his cheek flushing, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

"Draw your hood closer," Mr. Hilyard whispered, "this rabble must not see your tears."

When the last of the dragoons who brought up the rear had gone, the mob crowded in and ran along the road behind. There were left only the decent sort. One of these, dressed soberly in a brown coat, said to me, gravely:

"Young woman, this is a sorry sight, but yet a joyful for honest men. Remember that these men are the enemies of freedom. I desire not the blood of any man; but I pray above all things for continuance of liberty, especially of conscience and opinion. Keep thy tears, then, for a better cause."

"Alas, sir!" I could not refrain from saying. "What if a woman have friends—a brother, even among them?"

"Madame"—he took off his hat—"I ask your pardon, and I pray for a happy deliverance for your friend—or brother."

He went away, but this imprudence frightened Mr. Hilyard mightily, and he hastened to push on down the hill.

END OF PART NINETEEN.

#### CIVILIZED SOCIETY MUST HAVE TIMBER.

AS in old fables, the life of the beautiful nymph who dwelt in a tree was bound up in it, so that she must die when it died, so the welfare of any country is bound up in the life of its forests. This is so even where there are no mountains which, if their sides are clothed with woods, will be like guardian angels, and which, if their slopes are not so covered, will be like destroying demons to the neighboring plains. Where there are high mountains that if covered with forests will regulate the climate, the rainfall, the flow of spring and stream, and which if denuded will powerfully derange these potent factors of our well-being, there can be no question as to the absolute necessity of keeping the lumberman and his work so under restraint that those forests shall be kept in full vigor. Floods, draughts, violent winds, either cold or hot; these are concentrated, definite evils that, so to speak, smite us in the face, shout in our ears and compel attention.

But there is another bad result of forest spoliation which is apt to be overlooked because it does not strike us so sharply upon a single tender spot. It is more like a diffused enervating vapor that is taken in with every breath, and gradually undermines the whole constitution.

This bad result is scarcity of forest products, including fuel and charcoal, lumber, timber and shingles, coopers' stock and tan-bark, tar, turpentine and resin, paper pulp, match and kindling stock, woodentware materials for the turner, carriage and wagon maker, the organ and piano builder, the makers of furniture, sewing-machines, etc. Bernard Palissy, the almost inspired potter of Saintonge, France, said, more than three hundred years ago, that he began to make a list of all the occupations which were dependent upon the forests, and, after having set down a great many, he gave up in despair of ever reaching an end. So to-day one could scarcely name a handicraft which is not directly or indirectly dependent upon working wood, either as a raw material, or as a means of getting the raw material to the workman and the finished product to the consumer.

Excepting temporary scarcity experienced by the first settlers of our treeless Western prairies, while waiting for railroads to be built or for planted trees to grow, our people have never known the pinch of a famine of forest products, and so it is hard to get any adequate attention to the facts which unmistakably point to this stern and menacing spectre as likely to come soon and to stay for a long time.

Those living where, for a time, working wood was not to be had, could yet buy at the current rates the articles which were made when wood was abundant. Turf, or *adobe*, would serve a turn for dwellings, and various other shifts could be made. But that was temporary and exceptional. A complex, many-sided civilization could scarcely be developed and maintained if such conditions prevailed over a whole country.

Let us look at the facts: Our wooded area is rapidly diminishing, and our consumption of forest products is as rapidly increasing. Seven hundred dollars worth of these products a year were lavished from our store at the time of the census of 1880, and there has been a steady increase ever since. Meantime, no measures looking towards reproduction worth mentioning have been put into execution. Much talking and scolding and some plans, but very few of these have reached the point of real work. Arbor days and village improvement associations are doing a good deal to awaken love of trees for ornament, health and comfort. Upon the prairies there is beginning to be real tree culture, but as yet not much of those species which will furnish lumber. Groves of cottonwood may afford almost priceless shelter from freezing and desiccating

winds, and yield poles for fuel, fencing and the skeletons of straw stables and sod roofs. In the lee they make white-ash, black walnut and maple, as well as fruit-trees, can be grown. But all this is only preparatory; the Timber-culture Act of 1873-4 (by which a quarter-section of land was given to those who would plant trees on one-fourth of it, and keep them in good condition for ten years), is an acknowledged failure. Only here and there a man has done anything towards raising real timber, as distinguished from groves which merely afford poles and shelter. Meantime, the enormous and increasing cutting has gone on, not only in our own country, but also in Canada, upon the exhaustless extent of whose forests our happy-go-lucky economists have been fondly depending for a supply when ours fail. Most alarming accounts come from the best-informed observers in the Dominion as to the near and certain failure of their store.

The General Government ought to establish experimental stations upon its military reservations, where the various practical questions which have already arisen, or which further experience will suggest, may be thoroughly investigated. European forest science, which is now in such an advanced state, has been accumulating for a long time, and it has much to teach us. Various modifications of its working rules would, no doubt, be demanded by the different conditions of soil, climate, price and quality of labor available, the kinds of trees suited for given situations, etc. There should be such a number of these stations, and so located, as to work out the solution of these questions with reference to the varying conditions of the widely different localities of the country. Let us hope that, in the forest reservation around the headwaters of the Missouri River, for which the Bill introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Edmunds provides, such an experimental station will be organized under the charge of thoroughly competent men, and that others may follow in other localities.

Meantime, there is a golden opportunity in the State of New York. The Adirondack region must be kept covered with forest for the sake of its effect on streams and climate. This will involve very great cost unless it is made, as it can and ought to be a permanent and abundant source of those forest products for which there will soon be such a demand. Great and complex problems of engineering, of police and administration, as well as of forestry, will have to be worked out then, and for that purpose no time should be lost in the appointment of a thoroughly competent and permanent commission, such as is contemplated in the Bill which recently passed the Senate, and which the Assembly should also pass with no delay.

S. W. P.

#### LADIES ON A COON HUNT.

FOLLOWING the hounds, fishing, grouse-shooting, and even potting buffalo, are amongst the privileges accorded to the softer sex at the present hour of writing; but the newest "fad" or fashion is that of coon hunting—yes, tramping the woods on starless nights and seeking the life of the luckless coon with clubs and with "wild halloo and brutal noise." A party from a country house down South recently organized a coon hunt. The ladies were to the fore, but in the minority. Colored boys for tree-climbing, and dogs for the purposes of the scent, accompanied the party. The ladies were each provided with a heavy club, which an expert coached them how to use on the skull of a refractory coon. The pine knots having been lighted, the torchlight procession proceeded through the woods, led by the expert, who had marked down his coons from having seen a quantity of half-eaten corn and nibbled chestnuts in the vicinity of a certain clump of cedars. The dogs after a little give tongue beneath a gigantic gum-tree. The boys commence to yell, the ladies to utter excited cries, while the men issue hurried directions. The ladies are ordered to stand aside, as a falling coon is eminently calculated to knock a pretty bonnet into a cocked hat.

The order is now given for the boys to climb the gum-tree. Up the lads go, the glare from the pine torches imparting a lurid and unearthly light. On the topmost bough is seen a clinging mass, and the highestmost of the boys delightedly bellows that there are two coons. The word "Shake!" is yelled, and in a trice a coon falls to earth. Men, boys, dogs, clubs and the snapping coon revolve together, yelling, whirling, yelping, scuffling, scratching in rotary warfare. The ladies scream, and injure one another with their clubs. This free fight continues until a well-directed club drops on the victim's head, and an eighteen-pound coon lies a corpse upon the pine needles. Ere the excitement consequent upon victory has had time to cool down, a loud cry of "Shake!" comes from the leathern lungs of the expert, and the ladies scamper towards the cover of an adjacent thicket, while the men and boys stand on the alert, brandishing their clubs and torches. A rustling, a crackling, a scratching noise! Thud! and another coon kisses mother-earth, but to spring nimbly to its feet and make a dash in the direction of the ladies. The fair sex stampede, their hysterical screaming mingling with the hoarse shouts of the men, the treble squeakings of the boys, and the barking of the dogs. The coon, however, is intercepted and done to death ere the scared fair ones cease fleeing from the field of battle. A few minutes later, the pine torches throw a fitful glare over the now united party, the trophies of the chase extended at their feet.

"I will tell ye, ladies and gentlemen," exclaims the expert, "de best thing on dis side o' Paradise is baked coon, with sweet 'taters and pone corn bread, and a little slice o' pumpkin-pie!"

#### STATUE OF CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

THE statue of Chief Justice Marshall, which was unveiled at Washington with imposing ceremonies on the 10th instant, stands directly in front of the lowest flight of steps on the western front of the Capitol—one of the most conspicuous points in the Federal grounds. Our illustration admirably depicts the statue and its surroundings. The figure of the grand old magistrate sits in a judicial chair, a colossal image, clothed in the simple robe of office, which extends down to the feet, but does not cover them. Mr. Story, the artist, has executed his work with admirable effect. There is a dignity

and a power in the head and face; in the extended right arm and hand; in the cold, clear keenness of the earnest eyes; in the whole action of the man, which are wonderfully but most simply expressed. An inscription on the base of the statue states that it was erected by the Bar and the Congress of the United States in the year 1884.

#### CHARLES READE'S EPITAPH.

THE following inscription will be placed on Charles Reade's tombstone. It was written by himself:

Here Lie,  
By the Side of His Beloved Friend, the  
Mortal Remains of—  
CHARLES READE,  
Dramatist, Novelist and Journalist.

His last Words to Mankind are on this Stone.  
I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made nature and me. He created man out of nothing which nature could not. He can restore man from the dust, which nature cannot. And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have said or done in this body, but from the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. He has promised His intercession to all who seek it, and He will not break his word; that intercession, once granted, cannot be rejected; for He is God, and His merits infinite; a man's sins are but human and finite. "Him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out." "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins."

#### INTERESTING CHURCH STATISTICS.

AN account of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, read at the General Conference in Philadelphia, embodied these statistics: There are 99 annual conferences, 14 missions, 11,349 traveling preachers, 12,026 local preachers, 1,769,534 members and probationers. The increase in the past four years was 69,232, the number of traveling preachers who died was 654, and of members, 58,891. The accessions were 158,787. In 1883 there were 18,741 churches and 9,815 parsonages, valued at \$79,238,055. There are 10 theological seminaries, 45 colleges, 66 classical institutions, 8 female colleges.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A NEW process in shot-making does away with the tall towers. A strong current of air is forced on the lead as it falls into the water.

THE tensile strength of glass has been shown to be between 2,000 and 9,000 pounds per square inch, and the crushing strength between 6,000 and 10,000 pounds.

A GERMAN paper says that a roof can be made fireproof by covering it with a mixture of lime, salt and wood ashes, adding a little lampblack to give a dark color. This not only guards against fire, it is claimed, but also in a measure prevents decay.

M. BILLEQUIN has translated Malignetti's "Elementary Chemistry" into the Chinese language. It is published at the College of Peking under the auspices of the Chinese Government, the preface to the work having been written by the First Minister, his Excellency Tong Lung.

As a result of his extensive experience in building compressed-air locomotives for European mines, Colonel Beaumont states that one cubic foot of air under a pressure of 1,000 pounds to the square inch will convey a load of three tons a distance of one mile on any of the colliery tracks.

PROFESSOR CLELLAND, of Glasgow University, said in a recent lecture on terminal forms of life that man was "a terminus"; anatomical evidence showed he had reached the limit of development in vertebrate life. Hence it was in the last degree improbable that in the future there would be a progression in the construction of the human body that would give birth to greater intelligence than was possessed by the sages of antiquity.

A CLOCK at Brussels has been going for eight months and has not required to be wound up since it was first set going. In fact, the sun does the winding of this timepiece. A shaft exposed to the sun causes an up-draught of air which sets a fan in motion. This fan actuates mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, and then puts a break on the fan until the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again liberated and proceeds to act as before.

ACCORDING to Mr. John A. Ryder, of the United States Fish Commission, the green of oysters is not due to copper. He says that every test, chemical, physical and gastronomical, which has been tried at the instance of various investigators, has shown that the consumption of green-gilled oysters is never attended with evil effects. The green is not produced by copper, as has been asserted by ignorant or prejudiced persons, but by a harmless vegetable coloring matter absorbed from the food upon which the animal feeds, and this matter is nearly identical in composition with the green coloring substance found in the leaves of trees.

PAPER bottles are now made on a large scale in Germany and Austria. The paper must be well sized. The following is said to be a good recipe for the paper: Ten parts of rags, forty of straw, fifty of brown wood pulp. The paper is impregnated or coated on both sides with sixty parts of denitrated fresh blood, thirty-five parts of lime powder, five parts of sulphate of alumina. After drying, ten or twelve rolled leaves are coated again, placed over each other, and then placed in heated molds. The albumen in the blood forms a combination on pressure with the lime, which is perfectly proof against spirits, etc. The bottles are made in two pieces, which are joined afterwards.

A PAPER dealing with an outbreak, in a German town, of that terrible disease known as trichinosis was recently read before the French Academy of Medicine. It is worthy of attention as going far to prove that this disease, usually contracted by the consumption of unwholesome pork, is avoidable, if the usual precaution of thoroughly cooking the food be resorted to. In the case in question, more than three hundred persons were attacked with the disease, and of these nearly one-sixth died. It was proved beyond question that all the victims ate the meat absolutely raw, it being the custom to chop it fine and to spread it like butter on slices of bread. One single family, which consumed some of the same meat in the form of cooked sausages, exhibited no trace of the disease. It may be mentioned that a certain dose of alcohol exercised a most favorable effect in diminishing the virulence of the complaint.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ZANDT has been appointed a court singer by the King of Holland. This is an honor rarely conferred.

THE American colony in Berlin will give a banquet in honor of Minister Sargent before his departure for America on the 25th instant.

MADAME PATTI arrived at her residence in Wales on the 7th instant. The people in the neighborhood welcomed her with fireworks and firing of cannon.

MICHAEL DAVITT has abandoned Irish politics, and will deliver a series of lectures in Australia, New Zealand, the United States and Canada during the next two years.

THE remains of the late Professor Samuel D. Gross, of Philadelphia, who died last week, were cremated, in accordance with explicit directions contained in his will.

BARON VON EISENDECKER, who has represented the German Government at Washington for a little more than a year, has been transferred to Baden. He will be succeeded by Mr. von Alvensleben, now Minister at The Hague.

GAINES R. DONOHO, the young American artist, has got about the first place in the Paris *Salon*, where his "Shepherd" is called the best American picture, and is hung in the *Salon Carré*, the most conspicuous and favorite hall.

GEORGE W. SMALLEY, London correspondent of the *Tribune*, is a son-in-law of Wendell Phillips. He graduated from Yale College, and won his journalistic spurs by writing in a baggage-car a report of the battle of Antietam.

A BILL was introduced in the United States Senate last week to place General Grant on the retired list of the Army with full pay of a General. The Bill would secure to him the pay of General, \$14,500, and the emoluments attached thereto, amounting in all to some \$19,000.

It is announced that Justin McCarthy will visit this country next Fall on a lecturing tour. Mr. Henry Labouchere also expects to cross the Atlantic in the Fall for the purpose of revisiting the scenes with which he was familiar when an *attaché* of the British Embassy at Washington in 1854.

THE Empress Eugénie is making rapid progress in the revision of M. Rouher's "Memoirs of the French Empire." The first volume will be issued next Autumn. "The Life of Queen Victoria," by Sarah Tytler, edited by Lord Ronald Gower, will be issued in June. Several members of the royal family assisted in its preparation.

THIS past season has been one of international exchanges of courtesy in theatrical matters. Miss Minnie Palmer, the successful American soubrette, closes her season at the Strand Theatre, London, on the 31st of May, and will subsequently appear at the Gaiety. Miss Palmer seems to have rapidly acquired wealth by her London engagement, and has insured her jewelry for \$95,000.

REMEINY, the noted musician, can joke in two languages. He dined with Colonel Bob Ingersoll not long ago, and astonished that gentleman by abruptly exclaiming that there was really little difference between their respective pursuits. "How so?" asked the colonel, with a vague presentiment that his honored guest was about to perpetrate a pun. "Why," responded Remenyi, "I fiddle; you're in-fiddle."

THE late Sir Michael Arthur Bass, M. P. for East Staffordshire, and the head of the famous brewing establishment at Burton-on-Trent, was known as one of the most philanthropic and liberal of English millionaires, and as all the members of his family are well provided for out of the profits of the vast business established by his grandfather, it is believed that his will will be found to contain some very important bequests to charitable institutions.

JULIAN ARNOLD, who has just sailed for England after a short visit to this country, told a curious thing of his father, Edwin Arnold, writing the most of "Light of Asia" on the cuff of his shirt sleeve, while riding in the cars to and from his office. He says his father went into London every morning, and during the ride would write on his cuff with a pencil. In the evening, after his return home, he copied the lines off on paper, and in this way wrote most of the beautiful poem.

AN impression prevails among Americans that Lady Colin Campbell was formerly Mrs. Victoria Woodhull. Lady Colin is an American, and her maiden name was Blood; this being the name of Mrs. Woodhull's second husband, a confusion of individualities has arisen. Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, on her first appearance as a lecturer in London some years ago, attracted the attention, and won the affection of Mr. John Biddulph Martin, banker, of Lombard street; and any fine day you can see the pleased and amiable face of the now Mrs. Martin side by side with that of her faithful sister, Tennie C. Clafin, as they sit together in their comfortable carriage and roll towards their splendid residence in Courtfield Gardens over the smooth avenues of lovely Hyde Park.

THE late Chevalier Wikoff, the "Roving Diplomat," was born in Philadelphia, probably during the first decade of the present century, although he always ingeniously avoided giving his real age. He fitted like a butterfly from European court to court, sustaining his reputation as an accomplished diner-out, an agreeable club man, and a jaunty man about town. Though not quite so celebrated in England as Sam Ward, his illustrious *confère* and friend, he was better known, perhaps, on the Continent, where he used to spend much of his time. Occasionally he honored America with a visit, and was always full of anecdotes of the princely personages of his acquaintance. In 1880 he made his last visit to New York to arrange for the publication of his book, "Reminiscences of an Idler."

PROFESSOR RICHARD A. PROCTOR has bought a lot of land in St. Joseph, Mo., and contracted for the erection of a house for himself and family. They will arrive there in June or July, and the house is to be ready in August. Professor Proctor married his present wife, Mrs. Sadie Crowley, in St. Joseph in 1881. She is a daughter of Charles M. Thompson, and a niece of General M. Jeff Thompson. The somewhat romantic story of their wedding is thus told: The lady's first husband having died in Ireland, she started for home. Professor Proctor met her on the steamer. Subsequently he went to St. Joseph, wooed and won her, and they were married, and returned to Europe. Since the wedding they have lived in London. The Professor says he will spend the remainder of his days in St. Joseph.





MARYLAND.—THE EXPERIENCES OF A PARTY OF YOUNG LADIES ON A COON HUNT.  
SEE PAGE 200.



## THE SIAMESE EMBASSY.

CONSIDERABLE interest is felt regarding the visit of the Siamese Embassy, although its diplomatic mission is not a portentous one. This group of royal and eminent persons landed in New York on Sunday, the 4th instant, having left Siam last August, and remained in London during the winter. At the head of the Embassy is the Crown Prince Narès Varariddhi, brother of the King of Siam, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. He is accompanied by Prince Sonapandit, the Counselor; Major S'Nayh, of the Siamese army; Wilberforce Wyke, English attaché of the legation; Nai Tuan, the clerk; and Mr. Loftus, the Siamese interpreter. The Siamese are medium-sized, intelligent-looking people, of a light chocolate-color as to complexion, and with

coats, heavily embroidered with gold lace, red pantaloons and high top patent-leather boots, with spurs. Across their shoulders hung short capes of blue velvet, resplendent with gold, and at their sides they wore swords in scabbards of blue-and-gold. Mr. Isaac T. Smith, the Siamese Consul-general at New York, accompanied the Embassy.

The chief diplomatic object of the visit of Prince Narès to this country is the ratification of a treaty between Siam and the United States, of which document the most important provision is the framing of regulations for the control of the liquor traffic in Siam on the following bases: I. The importation of spirituous liquors of such inferior quality as to render the sale thereof deleterious to the public health to be prohibited. II. A reasonable import duty to be imposed on spirituous liquors. III. The sale of spirituous liquors by retail, or under a prescribed quality, to be prohibited, except by persons holding a government license, for which a reasonable fee shall be charged. IV. The regulations shall not apply to wine or beer, which shall be admitted at the general *ad valorem* rate of duty in force for the time being.

We give an interesting portrait of Prince Narès, from a recent London photograph; also portraits of the King of Siam, his wife and his sister. The King is known as Chulalongkorn the First, and by this title he prefers to be addressed by Europeans. He signs his name in the native language "Siammindr," or "Pho Chulalongkorn," and sometimes "Chulalongkorn Rex Siamensis"; but when he desires to be particularly formal his name is written "Phra Bat Somdetch Phra, Paraminda Maha Chulalongkorn, Maha Mongkut Chowyua." These titles, however, are only abbreviations, and inadequately describe the transcendent virtues and unequalled magnificence of Siam's august sovereign.



PRINCE KROM MUM NARÈS VARAREDDHI, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY FROM SIAM.

PHOTO. BY BASSANO.



HON. HENRY W. CANNON, THE NEW COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

features approaching the Caucasian, rather than the Mongolian, cast. On their arrival in New York they wore clothing of the conventional European cut.

The Embassy was received with formal ceremonies, including a naval salute, an address of welcome on behalf of Mayor Edson, and an escort of marines, sailors and policemen. On the day following their arrival in New York the party left for Washington, their code of etiquette forbidding the reception of any callers until after they had paid their respects to the President of the United States. President Arthur received the Ambassadors at the White House, on Tuesday, the 6th instant. They wore their native court apparel. Prince Narès wore a sort of jacket, made of a curious silken fabric, knee breeches of white silk, stockings of the same, and patent-leather slippers like the ordinary American dancing shoes, with large gold buckles. His jacket was heavily embroidered with gold lace, and upon his breast were several decorations, one of them being an elephant, apparently of gold. At his side hung a sword, the handle of which was concealed by the folds of his silken jacket, but the scabbard was of gold, heavily chased. He carried in his hand a helmet of black velvet, heavily mounted with gold. Over his shoulders and reaching below his knees hung a mantle of netted gold wire with a long fringe, a most costly and beautiful garment, worn only upon occasions of the greatest pomp. The counselor and the secretary wore the uniform of the Siamese army—red

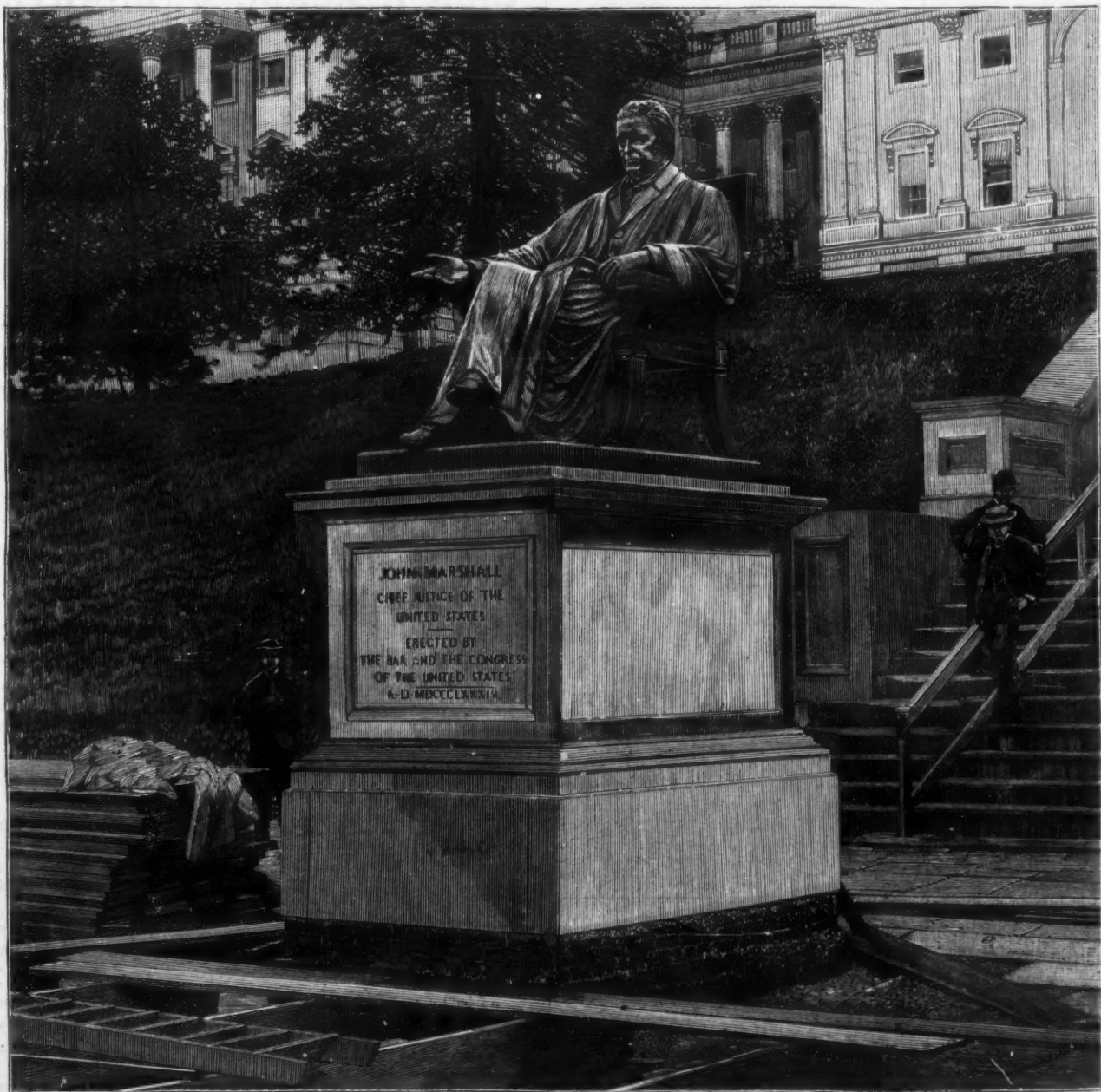
eign. He was born September 21st, 1853; elected King by the Senabodee, or Supreme Council of State, on the 1st of October, 1868, and crowned on the 11th of November following. As he was then only fifteen years of age, Chow Phya Somdetch

Sarawongse, the head of the Senabodee, was appointed Regent and invested with executive authority; but on November 16th, 1873, when His Majesty had attained his majority according to Siamese law, he was recrowned, and the Regency was abolished. His Majesty is a man of more than ordinary natural abilities, and noted for his liberal views on all subjects, secular and religious. In the Royal Library at Bangkok may be found an extensive collection of English, French and American publications and nearly all the popular English and American periodicals and newspapers. In that delightful apartment of the palace, among his books and surrounded by his favorite friends, the genial young King spends many profitable hours industriously storing his inquiring mind with new ideas and information about the great world of which he has heard, but yearns to see.

HON. H. W. CANNON, NEW COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

HON. H. W. CANNON, who succeeds Mr. John J. Knox as Comptroller of the Currency, is a native of Delhi, New York, where he was born in 1849. Before attaining his majority, having developed a marked financial capacity, he was made Teller in the First National Bank of that town.

Leaving there he went to St. Paul, Minnesota, where he was connected with the Second National Bank. In 1871 he removed to Stillwater, in the same State, and organized the Lumberman's National Bank, of which he was made cashier, which position he held when nominated for the responsible office he now holds. During the period of his residence in Stillwater, he has been identified with many of the principal business enterprises of



WASHINGTON, D.C.—THE STATUE OF CHIEF-JUSTICE MARSHALL, IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL, UNVEILED MAY 10TH. FROM A PHOTO. BY JARVIS.—SEE PAGE 203.



the city, being Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and Secretary, Treasurer and General Manager of the Water and Gas Companies, whose organizations and effective operations have been largely under his direction. His appointment as Comptroller has given great satisfaction throughout the Northwest, and there seems to be no doubt that he is "the right man in the right place."

#### A CLERGYMAN'S REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

EVIDENCE of the wonderful results which are following the use of Compound Oxygen accumulates with an almost bewildering rapidity. There seems to be no phase of bodily suffering, and no type of disease, which this subtle agent will not reach. The subjoined communication gives the history of one of a class of cases especially found among clergymen, and all professional men and brain workers. The changes wrought in three months, as related by the writer, are truly marvelous. From a state of physical and nervous prostration, which had become alarming, he was restored to such vigorous health, that, to use his own language, "I found myself able to preach Sunday morning, teach a Bible class of seventy-five or a hundred after sermon, attend an afternoon service often, and preach to a congregation of a thousand persons in the evening, and say in truth, at the close of my evening service that I was not conscious of any more weariness than when I began in the morning."

This seems almost incredible, but Dr. Cushing, Pastor of the First M. E. Church, Rochester, N. Y., is a clergyman of wide repute, and no one who knows him will for a moment question his statement. It is given herewith in his own words:

10 N. FITZBURGH ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y., January 11th, 1884.

DR. STARKEY & PALEN:

Dear Sirs—It is nearly four years since I first used Compound Oxygen. I have often spoken of its effects to others, but have never, I think, made any statement to you. There are others, doubtless, who would be glad to know of its effects in a case like mine. I was not sick, though my strength had been greatly impaired by sickness in earlier life. But for fifteen years I had been carrying very heavy burdens and doing very hard work. I found myself gradually losing the power of endurance, so that my work left me too much exhausted. I could see that my whole nervous system was giving way; that there was a manifest lack of vital force. This was most apparent and most alarming when I went to my study. There I discovered a lack of the usual quickness of perception—a lack of power to hold on. My mind was losing its grip. At the point where I needed most strength I found it suddenly failing me. This alarmed me, though I am not aware that my friends had discovered it. Connected with this case was a lack of that physical vigor necessary for good digestion, and a consequent lack of nutrition. Sleep was fitful, insufficient and unrefreshing. Under these circumstances I began the use of Compound Oxygen. At first I saw no results. After a time I observed my digestion was much improved. More restful sleep followed. At the end of three months I found myself able to preach Sunday morning, teach a Bible class of seventy-five or a hundred after sermon, attend an afternoon service often, and preach to a congregation of a thousand persons in the evening, and say in truth at the close of my evening service that I was not conscious of any more weariness than when I began in the morning. My sleep was as refreshing on Sunday night as on any other night of the week. My mind has never worked better than during these four years, and in no other time of my life could I do as much work, or do it with as much ease.

I do not use the Oxygen now unless I find myself growing a little weary. Then a resort to it for two or three weeks puts me in normal condition again. This is my experience, and I have much reason to be grateful for it.

Sincerely,  
CHAS. W. CUSHING, D.D.

Many other eminent clergymen bear testimony to the efficacy of Compound Oxygen as a curative agent. It is also unequivocally indorsed by such leading public men as Hon. W. D. Kelley, Member of Congress from Pennsylvania; Judge Flanders, of New York City, for many years law partner of Vice President Wheeler; T. S. Arthur, the veteran author and temperance writer; and Wm. Penn Nixon, publisher of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*.

DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, are the sole dispensers of this remarkable curative agent, and will send, without charge, their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, giving all desired information in regard to it, to any one who will write to them.

"What shall I write about?" asked a young reporter of the managing editor. "Oh, write about the first thing that comes to hand," was the brief order. The scribe drew his pay that night for an article on "door knobs."

THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY issues a tasteful and attractive guide to some of the more important resorts in Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota reached by its system of lines, which will be of valuable service to that large class whose question of the hour is, "Where shall we spend the Summer?" The resources of the great Northwest for health and pleasure are but just beginning to be understood, and each season increases the number of travelers from the Atlantic States, who find this section of the country full of interest. The St. Paul's Guide is valuable not only for its "glittering generalities" and numerous illustrations of the country traversed, but for a number of excellent maps, and lists of names and addresses in detail of the proprietors of the principal resorts along its lines. Copies may be obtained on application to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

#### PILES CURED

BY LIEBIG CO.'S ARNICATED EXTRACT OF WITCH HAZEL.

PROFESSOR E. M. HALE, M.D., LL.D., of the Chicago Medical College, says: "It has extraordinary power over this disease." PROF. SIDNEY HINGER, of the University Medical College, London, says: "I have found it singularly successful." Beware of worthless imitations. Also cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Neuralgia and Female Sufferings.

TOBACCO in its purity is a genial tonic. What tobacco is pure? BLACKWELL'S DURHAM LONG CUT; it is the growth of a soil which supplies all that is requisite to make it delicious to the taste and safely invigorating to the system. To medicate it would be to spoil it. Whether for pipe or cigarette, the DURHAM LONG CUT is the *ne plus ultra* of tobaccos.

#### BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

The Best and Cheapest Hair Dressing.

It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the hair. BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS is a household word all over the world. For over 50 years it has advertised itself by its merits. It is now advertised to warn the public against counterfeits. The genuine article is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.

#### SURGEON-GENERAL BARNES'

AND other physicians' deaths from Bright's disease, and the suffering and death of Judge Black and others following surgical operations for strictures, diseased prostate gland, bladder and kidney diseases, will be the lot of all such sufferers unless they use the Asahel Waukesha Mineral Spring Water, and follow the directions in the book mailed free by the EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN MEDICAL BUREAU, 1193 Broadway, New York. Office hours day and evening.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSTON'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

HALFORD SAUCE—No gentleman's table is furnished without it.

#### PILES—PILES—PILES

Cured without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for reference. DR. CORKINS, 11 East Twenty-ninth Street.

## HUNT'S REMEDY

### THE BEST KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

CURES all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, and Urinary Organs; Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side; Retention or Non-Retention of Urine, Nervous Diseases, Female Weaknesses, Excesses, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation & Piles.

## HUNT'S REMEDY

CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts directly and at once on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action. HUNT'S REMEDY is a safe, sure, and speedy cure, and hundreds have been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die. Do not delay, try at once HUNT'S REMEDY.

Send for Pamphlet to

HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

Prices, 75 cents and \$1.25. Large size the cheapest. Ask your druggist for HUNT'S REMEDY. Take no other.



#### "See what Cuticura does for Me"

INFANTILE and Birth Humors, Muck-rust, scald Head, Eczema, and every form of Itching, Scaly, Pimples, Scrofulous and Inherited Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Absolutely pure and safe. Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, 50 cts.; Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and only Medical Baby Soap, 25 cts.; and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, \$1. are sold by druggists, Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut ton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., New York.

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50 New Enamelled Chromo Cards for 1884, name on 10c. Prize with 3p's. POTTER & Co., Montrose, Ct.



## "ECLIPSE" EXTRA DRY.

The wealthy and those of refined tastes need neither French Champagne nor the German or Hungarian varieties; nor need they drink Catawba or charged wines, for the "Eclipse Extra Dry" Champagne, produced of the finest and most delicate grapes in the world, is to-day the most reliable champagne in the market, and all connoisseurs are rapidly discovering this.

Quarts, \$16.50; Pints, \$18.50; delivered free in any part of the United States. Sold by all responsible dealers.

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SOLE AGENT,

51 Warren Street, New York.

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1884 Combining Unequaled Advantages. Send for Descriptive Circular. Free. Register early. E. TOURJEE, Franklin Sq., Boston.

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A thousand others give similar testimony.

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We will send free, on Thirty Days' Trial, Dr. DYE'S ELECTRO VOLTAIC BELT, TO MEN suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and kindred troubles. Speedy relief and complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address,

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

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This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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Gout, Gravel, Diabetes. The Vegetal Salicylates, celebrated French cure (within four days). Only harmless specifics proclaimed by science. Box, \$1. Book and references free. L. FAHIS, only agent, 102 W. 14th St., N. Y., and 1919 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

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**Positively Cured by these Little Pills.**

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

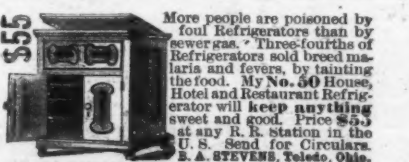
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SUCCESSORS TO

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FOR YEARS WE HAVE BEEN COMPETITORS IN THE RACE FOR POPULAR PATRONAGE. OUR EFFORTS DISTANCED ALL OTHER CONCERNS AND PLACED US AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION. THIS SEASON WE ENTERED THE CONTEST EQUIPPED WITH AN EXTENSIVE STOCK, PURCHASED IN THE BEST MARKETS AT BOTTOM CASH PRICES. WE SAW VICTORY AHEAD, BUT WERE DETERMINED TO GO OVER THE HIGH WATER MARK OF PREVIOUS SUCCESSSES. WE WATCHED THE MARKET FOR A FAVORABLE OPPORTUNITY TO INVEST, WHICH PRESENTED ITSELF LAST WEEK, WHEN WE PURCHASED FOR CASH, AT 50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR, THE ENTIRE STOCK OF

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All HAND-MADE, and ranging from PLAIN GARMENTS to the MOST ELABORATE and TASTEFUL DESIGNS ever BROUGHT to this COUNTRY. All are EQUALLY PERFECT in SHAPE and WORKMANSHIP.

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2 cases LUPIN'S FRENCH ALBATROSS (Nun's Valling), all colors and black, at 40 cts.

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54-inch FRENCH LADIES' CLOTH, Tricot Effect, \$1.19; formerly \$1.75.

Inclose 2-ct. stamp for samples.

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ONLY FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN. Use PERRY'S MOH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms.

Ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE and Pimple Remedy, the infallible skin medicine. Send for circular. BREEST GOOD & Co., 57 Murray Street, N. Y.



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That sweeps away a whole city, starts from a flame so small that a glass of water would extinguish it. In like manner, the most painful and fatal maladies of the throat and lungs ordinarily develop from small beginnings, not difficult of cure if promptly treated with the proper remedy. But their progress is insidious and delay may be fatal. Colds and coughs lead to Laryngitis, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Consumption. The only medicine certain to cure every bronchial and pulmonary affection not absolutely incurable is

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

During 40 years it has steadily grown in popular estimation, and is now a household reliance in many thousands of families. Parents, whose lives were preserved by AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL when they were young, are now saving the lives of their children with it. Leading physicians extol its virtues and prescribe it in their practice. Intelligent druggists everywhere report noteworthy cures effected by it, within their personal knowledge.

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Sold by all druggists.

AGENTS wanted for two new fast-selling articles. Samples free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

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THE BEST HOUSE PAINTS MADE. GUARANTEED FREE FROM WATER, ALKALI OR BENZINE. MADE ONLY WITH PURE LINSEED OIL, TURPENTINE AND DRYER. SAMPLE COLOR LIST OF 48 DESIRABLE SHADES SENT ON APPLICATION. MANUFACTURERS OF COLORS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, ARTISTS' MATERIALS ETC. COR. FULTON & WILLIAM STS. COFFIN, DEVOE & CO. NEW YORK CITY. CHICAGO.

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32, 38 and 44 Calibres, not sold at retail by the manufacturers, but by the Gun and Hardware trade, ask your dealer for them. Made by HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON, Worcester, Mass., also manufacturers of the celebrated Automatic Hammerless Guns.

CARDS—50 assorted Chromos (new) with name and 5 latest songs, 10c. Capitol Card Co., Hartford, Ct.

**50** Satin finished Golden Beauties, Souvenirs of Friendship, Pen Script, Mottoes, Bird Mottoes and Verse Cards, with name, 10c. 6 pks. & 10c. genuine rolled gold seal ring, 10c. Agt's complete album 25c. 100 imported embossed scrap pictures, 30c. Ailing Bros., Northford, Ct.

**TRY** the best Cards for the money; 50 for 10c. Premium with 3 pks. E. H. Pardee, New Haven, Ct.

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Makers and Importers,  
124 and 126 W. 33d Street,  
Near Broadway, NEW YORK.

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All those who, from any cause, are weak, unnerfed, low spirited and physically exhausted, can be certainly and permanently cured, without stomach medicines. Endorsed by doctors, ministers and the press. The Medical Weekly says: "The old plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Weakness, etc., is wholly superseded by THE MARSTON BOLT." Even hopeless cases assured of certain restoration to full and perfect health. Simple, effective, cleanly, pleasant. Send for treatise. Consultation with physician free. MARSTON REMEDY CO., 48 W. 14th St., New York.

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WILL OPEN MAY 29th, AND THE ORIENTAL HOTEL JUNE 24. The BOULEVARD MANHATTAN will be completed in time for the opening of the Oriental, and guests can drive direct from New York to the hotel via the Bridge, Brooklyn, and Prospect Park. Stabling for horses on the property. Bicycles can be seen and rooms arranged for at office of HENRY McKINNEY, Manager, 115 Broadway, Room 25. Or at Grand Central Hotel, 8 to 10 A.M., 4 to 10 P.M.

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From Pier 36 (new number), N. R.

Cabin Passage, \$80, \$80 and \$100. Intermediate, \$40. Steerage, from New York, \$18; prepaid, \$21.

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\$250 A MONTH. Ag'ts wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. Sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

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50 CARDS SOUVENIRS OF FRIENDSHIP. Beautiful designs, name neatly printed, 10c. 11 PAGES, this Elegant Ring, Microscopic Charm and Fancy Card Case, \$1. Get ten of your friends to send you one, and you will obtain these THREE PREMIUMS and your pack FREE. Agent's Album of Samples, 25c. NORTHFORD CARD CO., Northford, Conn. 1,000 times

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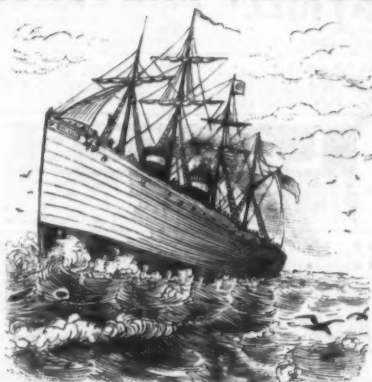
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